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XUM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Masters of Men

A Romance of the New Navy

By Morgan Robertson

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CHAPTER I

A SMALL boy was being vigorously cuffed and kicked by a larger, and a black-haired girl of fifteen was speeding toward them on the sidewalk, when from across the street came another boy—red-haired and freckled—who jumped puddles and arrived on the scene coincident with the girl.

"Let my brother alone, you—you—you mean old thing," she cried, as with flashing eyes, and fingers working nervously, she confronted the pair.

"Ah, gwan," answered the cuffer, with a quick, comprehensive glance at the working fingers and sharp nails; "he hit me wid a rock."

"He hit me first," screamed the victim. He was a pink-cheeked boy in knickerbockers—the type of boy that is seldom punished at home.

"Take some one your own size," said the red-haired boy.

"Go chase yourself, Dick Halpin; this ain't your funeral."

"Let up—drop it—let him go!"

"Make him stop. Oh, please make him stop," wailed the girl, changing front at the prospect of a champion.

There was a confused tangle of arms and legs, from which the boy in knickerbockers emerged and sped to the middle of the street; then, while the girl wrung her hands anxiously, the whirl of combat continued until the larger boy shot off at a tangent, and, colliding with the fence, collapsed in an astonished heap.

He had not been struck, nor was he hurt, but the strength and courage of the red-haired boy—smaller than himself—was so completely at variance with his record as to call, first for respect, then analysis and classification, all of which required time and distance. So, with a promise to "square up," he arose and departed, followed by a threatening "Get out" from Dick, and a well-aimed stone from the boy in the street.

Dick Halpin, red-haired, slim and under-sized, had no standing as a fighter. Not that he lacked courage; it simply had not come to him. He possessed a dignity—or, possibly, a lack of dignity—and a quiet geniality and insistence of manner which, with a certain readiness of speech, had always won him his point in schoolboy friction. And in schoolboy ethics there was no legitimate reason for his interfering in this manner. He had seen the treacherously thrown "rock" impinge upon the head of Pig Jones, had watched the pursuit and capture, and knew that the punishment was deserved. But he had also seen the twin sister of the youngster.

She was the new girl in the school, whose father had lately settled in the village and built the largest and finest house that it contained. Unlike her brother, she had made no friends and few acquaintances; but with her steady, dark eyes she had taken the measure of every boy and girl in the school—calmly staring them out of countenance, and finishing by a close inspection of their clothing. Had it been less dispassionate, or had she been less of a mystery, her manner would have been resented; but, as it was, girls turned up their noses only behind her back, and the boys—all but Pig Jones, in whose soul was neither poetry nor reverence—placed her upon a pedestal and did her silent homage. She knew her lessons without apparent study, asked no instructions or favors, and never entered their world except in quest of her brother.

Dick had been inspected early. A stumble and slip in front of the school gate had sprawled him at full length in a puddle and lavishly splashed her with mud. His shame-faced "Excuse me" was not answered, and not even the laughter of the boys so harrowed him as the scrutiny he received. She showed no annoyance, but looked into and through his gray eyes as though seeking the reason of a boy's falling in the mud. Then she silently turned her back on him.

A little exhilarated by his conquest of Pig, he felt less overpowered by her now and looked frankly into her face. There was the faintest smile at the corners of her mouth, but her momentary agitation had passed and her expression was as inscrutable as ever.

"It was very good of you," she said in her musical, womanly voice. "I wish he had a big brother."

"I wish he had," blurted out Dick.

She smiled openly at this, and looked up the street at her relative, now returning from a short pursuit of Pig.

"I know your name—Richard Halpin——"

"Dick," he interrupted.

"Dick, then—and you know mine. Do you like Georgie?"

Dick did not. He had stopped a "rock" himself a few days before, and had listened to Georgie's outspoken disapproval of red hair; but he answered: "Pretty well; though he's not big enough to travel with a fellow of my size."

"But won't you see that he isn't bullied?" she asked earnestly. "He can't defend himself from larger boys; he's sickly and delicate."

Dick blushed. "No, I can't do that," he answered. "I can't fight a little, much less lick the whole crowd. And most of 'em are bigger than me. Besides, your brother picks all the rows himself."

"Then won't you talk to him? He won't listen to me. Will you be his friend—and mine?"

"Yes," he stammered with wide-open eyes, "if you'll let me; and I'll look out for him all I can; but he must help."

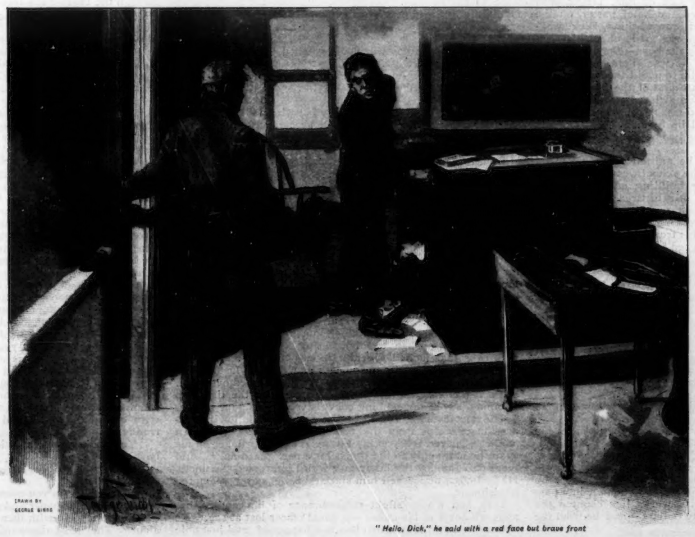
"Thank you; I knew you would."

There was a faint tinge of color in her face, and she stepped past him with a slight inclination of her head, as if to bid him good-morning. Then she turned, smiling frankly, and said: "I was on the way to school. Are you going—Dick?"

So Dick walked to school with Mabel Arthur. She talked of the good points of Georgie—the motherless, abused and generous Georgie—who, knowing nothing of the alliance in his behalf, and apparently unable to comprehend his sister's new state of mind, convoyed them on the opposite side of the street, often looking over to make irrelevant remarks. Dick remembered little of what she said—only her musical voice.

In an ecstasy of pride, and in embarrassment from a keen appreciation of his outward defects—his freckles, fiery hair, unpolished shoes and his pocket bulging with a pair of swimming-trunks—Dick passed the staring groups in front of the school, nodding sheepishly to those of the boys who caught his eye, and, parting from Mabel at the girls' door, entered the building by the other, through which a few studious boys were already straggling on toward their desks. Under ordinary circumstances he would have remained outside with the others until the last bell had rung, but this noon he could not—he lacked his usual sang-froid; he was only sixteen, and had publicly played the young gentleman—escorted a girl to school. Boyhood resents this departure, and he dreaded jeers.

The schoolhouse was a three-storied brick structure, standing at the end of the village street. Behind it and beyond was vacant land reaching to the river, and across this land, cutting a few fences and stone walls, was a trail used by the boys to reach a famous swimming-hole, with diving-rock and spring-board, a mile up the stream. It was here that Dick expected to go when school closed; and it was because of a recent edict and a cross-grained constable that he had brought his swimming-trunks.



FRAME BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Hello, Dick," he said with a red face but brave front

His class occupied the second floor of the building. There were a few scholars at their desks as he entered, and going to her seat on the other side of the room was Mabel, who had beaten him up the stairs. Her dark eyes lightened momentarily as she glanced at him, but for that day she gave him no further attention. He put his swimming-trunks in his desk and advanced to where the principal sat at his table.

CHAPTER II

"HERE'S my money for the team, Mr. Clark," he said as he laid a half-dollar on the table.

"Very well, Richard—thank you." He opened a drawer and took out two silver quarter-dollars which he pocketed with Dick's half-dollar; then, removing a dollar bill from his notebook, he slipped it into an envelope with other bills, and replaced the money in the drawer.

"Now we have it all in bills, Richard."

"Yes, sir," answered Dick who had eyed the money with a boy's curiosity.

Mr. Clark smiled benignly and Dick went to his seat. Through the afternoon he was repeatedly reminded that he had risen in popular estimation. Girls—all but Mabel—looked curiously at him across aisles and over desks; boys one after another caught his eye and elevated two fingers, a signal which he answered in kind. It meant swimming after school, and he was amazed at the sudden demand for his company by boys older and larger than himself, who had heretofore preferred his room; but he was shrewd enough to understand it.

Georgie never went swimming, and Pig Jones did not care for Dick's society to-day, but four other boys—all of them older and larger than Dick—surrounded him outside the school. He would have preferred, now, brazenly to join Mabel and walk home with her, but his agreement to go swimming was held binding; so they started toward the swimming-hole, taking, for some reason unspoken among them, but probably because of their number, the country road instead of the trail. This road circled inland and made the journey a half-mile longer.

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

There was anger in his sun-burned face, and around him was the atmosphere of horses and cattle

With big Tom Allen on one side of him, bigger Will Simpson, who had once thrashed the hotel porter, on the other, and Tom Brandes and Ned Brown behind, Dick swaggered out the road. No mention was made of Dick's fight and the resultant acquaintance by the boys—they waited for him to speak and explain; but he was silent. A delicacy that was partly pride impelled him to avoid the subject.

When the boys had made a half-mile of the journey Dick remembered that he had left his swimming-trunks in his desk. Visions of a cross-grained constable, arrest and friction at home rose before him and he halted. "I'll go back and get 'em, boys," he said, "and come out cross-cut. Go ahead, and go slow."

They protested, but in vain; he quitted them and raced back. The street in front of the school was vacant. The janitor had not come to close the building, and he mounted the first flight of stairs at a run; a little tired from the exertion he walked quietly up the last, and opened the door of the schoolroom to see Georgie locking the principal's desk and cramming an envelope into his trousers' pocket.

"Hello, Dick," he said with a red face but brave front.

"Hello! What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing?"

"After my swimming-pants. What did you take then?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did. Put it back. I know the envelope. You put that money back."

"Well—I won't."

"Then I'll make you. Your sister asked me to look out for you this morning, and I'm goin' to do it, if I have to do it with a club."

"Say, Dick, don't tell her, will you, if I put you on to something? She's dead gone on you."

Partly from indignation, partly from the going home of the shot, Dick's face grew red. But indignation dominated. Advancing on Georgie he said: "I know soft-soap. You put that money back—quick, or I'll wring your neck."

In the end Dick was compelled to choke him before he could get his hand on the envelope; then the other, in a passion of tears, went down the stairs, while Dick counted the money. It was all there—twenty dollars—and he tried the drawer, but it would not open.

"The little thief has the key," he muttered; "and I've got to get it or give him away, and she won't thank me for that. Nice contract I've taken."

Not caring to lose the fun up the river, and deciding that any time before school hours in the morning would do to return the money, he put it in his pocket, secured his swimming-trunks, and left the building, taking the short-cut across the fields on a run.

There was no one at the swimming-hole when he arrived, but the diving-rock and spring-board were wet, and on the ground was Tom Allen's knife, which he knew well, having once owned it. Satisfied that the boys had come and gone, and wondering why they had not waited, he undressed and took his swim—short because he was alone and because of the load on his mind. When he was clothed again he pocketed Tom's knife and returned by the country road, finding the boys he had started with on the ball-ground across the street from the school. Georgie was with them now, looking on while they listlessly threw the ball one to another.

"Why didn't you wait for me, boys," said Dick as he joined them. "I hurried as fast as I could."

"We didn't go swimming," answered Will Simpson, after an interval of silence during which the ball ceased to travel.

"Didn't," said Dick in astonishment. "Why, yes you did. I found Tom's knife there." Tom had drawn near.

"Here's your knife, Tom," he continued, drawing it from his pocket. Tom's hand involuntarily extended to take it, then fell to his side. "'Tisn't my knife," he said in a little confusion. "I lost it a long time ago—don't know who it belongs to now."

"It belongs to you, if you lost it," answered Dick. "Take your knife. I don't want it. What's the matter with you all, anyhow?"

They had drawn away from him, all but Tom, who was examining the knife.

"Nothin's the matter with us," he answered, handing the knife back; "I don't want it. We just changed our minds and come back. We didn't go near the river."

"Well, all right, if you didn't; but you were eager enough at the start."

Dick pocketed the knife and sauntered over to Georgie, hoping to be able to get the key from him; but that young gentleman trotted off with a fine display of indifference.

CHAPTER III

THERE was something in the air. The boys stopped talking on his approach, and the ball went lazily back and forth with none of the usual calls for a "catch." Puzzled by their manner, and hurt at last, he left them, wondering if it had any connection with the theft of the money.

"If I can't get him to give up the key," he mused, "I'll have to tell on him. Who'd believe that I was trying to shield the little viper, supposing it was missed and found on me. He don't seem to care a hang whether he's found out or not."

It was supper-time when he reached home, and, first hiding the money in the stable, he went into the house. At the table his grim-visaged uncle, after eying him for a moment, said: "Well, sir, what have you been doing at school to-day?"

"Nothing," he answered shortly but with a sinking heart.

"Mr. Clark was here half an hour ago looking for you. He didn't tell me what you'd done, but you've been up to some devilment, I'll be bound."

Dick turned white, and jabbed viciously at his food.

"I've done nothing, sir," he said slowly, "and the time will come when you'll find it——"

"That will do—that will do," returned his uncle, raising a monitory forefinger.

Dick subsided. There was no love lost between uncle and nephew, though the mild and patient old aunt beside him had always been kind to the boy. Dick had been thrashed through boyhood, and had only escaped it lately by the peculiar way in which he had taken the last, six months before. He had received a harsher beating than, perhaps, his uncle had meant to give him. It was the first time that he had not begged off and wept under punishment, and this possibly prolonged it. All that evening, forbidden to leave the house, he had sat with his elbows on his knees, answering sullenly when spoken to, and staring fixedly at his uncle with eyes that flamed green. He was ordered about, from one chair to another, by the uneasy man, and at last sent to bed, where the gentle old aunt followed and cried over him. Then it was that the green left his eyes, and the tiger-cub became a boy again, sobbing convulsively in his aunt's arms.

The next evening his uncle listened to the following dispassionate words from the now normal Dick: "I've seen mother's lawyer. If you lay the weight of your finger on me again he will apply to the courts for a new guardian." And there was that in the boy's face which impressed the uncle. He had often threatened him since then, but never attempted punishment.

Dick had a very slight remembrance of his mother, but none whatever of his father—a naval officer lost at sea. He was an infant in arms when this had happened, and just able to walk when his mother had brought him to her elder brother's house—the house that she had left, against his wish, to marry the impecunious man who had won her. And here she had wept away her beauty, then her life. And there were some that followed her to the grave who averred that she had died in self-defense—to escape the never-ending recapitulation of her fault—the ceaseless, monotonous variations of "I told you so" dealt to her by her brother. And later, on occasions when the boy, screaming under the lash, could be heard a block away in all directions from his uncle's barn, these neighbors indignantly declared that he was being slowly killed for the money left to him in trust. But these remarks, born solely of sympathy, had little credence or circulation. Though as unpleasant and parsimonious a character as the village contained, the uncle wore a well-proven reputation for integrity which stood him in lieu of kindlier elements of mind. Family pride, no doubt, contributed largely to this fundamental honesty, as it certainly did to his resentment at his sister's marriage against his wishes and to his later desire that her son should be properly reared. He was prouder of his name than of his wealth—prouder still of himself; and his townsmen, knowing this and disliking him personally, had elected him town treasurer year after year, and would unhesitatingly have accepted his mere word of promise in any money transaction.

When Dick had finished supper he put on his hat and left the house. It was late in the evening when he found Georgie and ran him down as a wolf runs a deer. There was argument and persuasion on his side, with a picture of Mabel's grief and shame if the theft were known—and there was jeering and defiance from Georgie; then there was highway robbery and separation, and Dick, with a key in his pocket and a bump on his head from the impact of a "rock"—a supply of which Georgie seemed to carry in his pocket—went home to bed.

In the morning he was up early and off to school with the money in his pocket, thankful as he climbed the stairs that the janitor was busy on the ground floor; and that there was still fifteen minutes before the first bell would ring, giving him plenty of time. There was no one in the room as he entered; he approached the principal's table, inserted the key and found that it worked unevenly, proving that it did not belong to the lock; but at last it turned: he opened the drawer, placed the money in the corner where the principal had lodged it, shut and locked the drawer and turned—to look into the grave face of Mr. Clark, who was coming out of the class-room back of the stage.

"So," he said slowly and sadly, "you became frightened when you heard that I called and decided to put it back. I expected you. Did you return it all?"

"It's all there," answered Dick weakly; then, realizing his position he went on hotly, "I'm no thief—I didn't steal that money."

"Take your seat, sir."

Dick obeyed and Mr. Clark opened the drawer with his own key and counted the bills. Then he seated himself and began writing, and Dick, wildly trying to formulate his defense, knew, with the prescience of the condemned, that the writing was for his uncle's eyes. And how could he clear himself? It seemed that nothing but a direct accusation of Georgie and a truthful statement of fact would answer now; yet he hesitated to make public his motive—to tell of his new friendship and promise to a girl—such a ridiculous promise, too. But when Mabel came in and smiled as she passed to her seat, his wavering resolution was strengthened. He would clear himself somehow, but he would not stab her through the brother she loved.

CHAPTER IV

THE last bell rang, the school assembled, and after the opening exercises and subsequent buzzing and shuffling of books, Mr. Clark tapped his bell—louder than usual—and the hubbub ceased. The principal was a tall, spare man, and his kindly face was unusually stern.

"Before we open school this morning," he began in his slow, steady voice, "we will dispose of a matter that demands immediate attention. You all know about the fund contributed by the boys for the eleven's new suits. It is a matter in no way connected with your studies; but the theft of that money has a vital connection with the school, and I am compelled to take action. We have a thief among us. The last installment of the fund was contributed yesterday noon by Richard Halpin—Richard Halpin, come forward."

White in the face, Dick arose and advanced to the front.

"Richard Halpin," continued the principal, "you saw where I placed the money yesterday noon. After school you returned, unlocked the drawer with a key of your own, left the building and ran through the back gate and across the vacant lots. I saw you from the window of my house down the street. That afternoon I visited the school and noted the absence of the money. I called at your home and waited for you until nearly supper-time, hoping to induce you to make amends by confessing and by returning the money then; as you did not come, I went home. However, my visit must have become known to you, and you were frightened. I came to school early this morning and saw you return the money to the drawer. Had you admitted your guilt I should have talked it over with you, but you brazenly denied it."

"I deny it again," declared Dick bravely; "you saw me running because I wanted to catch up with the boys, and I went cross-lots, too; I had come back for my swimming-trunks."

"You were going in swimming with other boys? What boys?"

"Some of the big fellows—we were going up to the swimming-hole."

"Name the boys you went in swimming with." The principal reached for paper and pencil.

"I didn't go in with them. They didn't wait. I went in alone. They said afterward that they didn't go in."

"They said so? Do you know this? Did you see any boys at all up there?"

Dick could not understand how the whereabouts of himself or the boys bore on the case, but he had no reason to tell anything but truth, so he answered:

"Didn't see anybody till I got back, but I found Tom Allen's knife, and the place was all wet."

"Tom Allen," repeated the teacher, writing the name down. "Who else was in the party which started?"

"Will Simpson, Tom Brandes——"

The door burst open and into the room stormed a big man with a whip in his hand and mud on his boots. There was anger in his sun-burned face, and around him was the atmosphere of horses and cattle.

"Got 'em yet, Mr. Clark—this one of them?" He advanced on Dick, who retreated into an aisle, realizing dimly that trouble was brewing for others as well as himself.

"No, no, Mr. Bronson," said the principal; "be seated, please. This is not one of the boys you want, but he has been a valuable witness. Take a chair, sir, until I dispose of this boy's case; then we will investigate. Were there any others?" he said to Dick. "Name the rest with whom you started up the river. Come forward here."

Dick stepped out of the aisle, watching the big farmer seat himself, and said quietly: "I don't know what's happened, Mr. Clark, but I'm not going to say any more about the crowd. If they've done anything, it's not my business to give 'em away."

"You will not name the rest of the boys?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. Go to your seat, pack up your books and leave the school. You are expelled, pending the action of the board, which will probably confirm your expulsion."

"Is this all, sir?" asked Dick uneasily. "Have I no chance to say anything?"

"What do you wish to say?"

"I say I did not take that money."

"Come. To convince you of the uselessness of further denial, I will confront you with the boy who saw you take the money, and who reported the theft to me. George Arthur, step forward."

This young man left his seat and approached, while Dick watched in amazement. George Arthur was a peculiarly handsome boy—curly-haired and bright-eyed. Halting in front of the school, he half turned, and with his hands down his pockets and legs wide apart, pursed his lips into an expression of fifteen-year-old virtue.

"Tell the school the story you told me at my house."

"I came back," said the boy in a monotone, facing the scholars, "to get my knife which I left in the g'ography class, and I saw Dick Halpin from the recitation-room. He took the money, and I came out and told him I'd tell on him, and he wanted me to go halves and keep still, but I wouldn't and ran out, and he followed, telling me to wait and take half, but I said I wasn't a thief and went over to Mr. Clark's house and told him."

"You lie!" yelled Dick.

"Silence," thundered the principal; but Dick was past taking orders. It was a very red boy in red knickerbockers whom he was pursuing down aisles and over red desks and red boys and girls, and he wanted to catch him. A dark-eyed girl screamed and others followed suit. Scholars left their seats, some to get out of Dick's way, others—the larger boys—to head him off. Georgie was agile and cleared desks easily; close after came the enraged Dick, and behind, through the aisles, a conglomerate surging mob headed by the principal. But at last Dick was tripped, collared by Mr. Clark and marched to his seat.

"Take your books, sir, and go," panted the angry principal.

"I won't till I've had my say," cried Dick struggling. "Let go of me. He stole that money himself—I saw him. He tells the very story I could have told if I was a sneak. He's the thief."

Chivalry went to the winds. This was beyond his limitations, and all the promises to all the sisters in the world could not seal his lips; he was too insanely angry. Then in the front rank of the girls he saw Mabel with her arms about her brother, looking at him with horror in her face. The shock did him good.

"Let me get out, Mr. Clark. I'll go. Let me get my books," he said quietly.

"Go," said the principal sternly, "and if you have a case take it to the school board."

He released him, and Dick packed his books, while the agitated scholars slowly resumed their seats, those who sat near Dick waiting until he had marched up the aisle and out the door.

Mr. Clark resumed his position in front of the school. Taking up the list of names from his table, he read off, in a voice which boded ill for hesitaters and halters, the names given him by Dick. "Come forward, all of you," he said. The three boys ranged themselves before him.

"You have seen, young gentlemen," began Mr. Clark, as he eyed them sternly, "the futility of denying a guilty action. Let me advise you. Tell the truth manfully; own up to what you have done. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Bronson saw you going down over his land to your swimming-place. He called on me last evening and asked me to identify you; for, while there, you caught his yearling colt, and tied a bush to his tail. Then you laughed and shouted while the colt ran himself to death. A prompt admission will no doubt save you from arrest and leave the matter to be settled by your parents. I speak as your friend and to spare my school the disgrace. Do you admit this? And will you give the names of the others?"

There was admission in their faces. Not expecting the sudden turn of events, they had arranged no concerted denial.

"We've got to admit it, I suppose, sir," said Will Simpson at last, "but we're not bound to give others away. At least I won't."

"That will do; go to your seats. This must be settled out of school." The principal added more writing to the list and turned to the farmer. "Mr. Bronson," said he, "here are the names of these three, and the addresses of their parents."

The farmer took the list, nodded his thanks and left the building.

Then school opened for the day, but little progress was made in studies.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

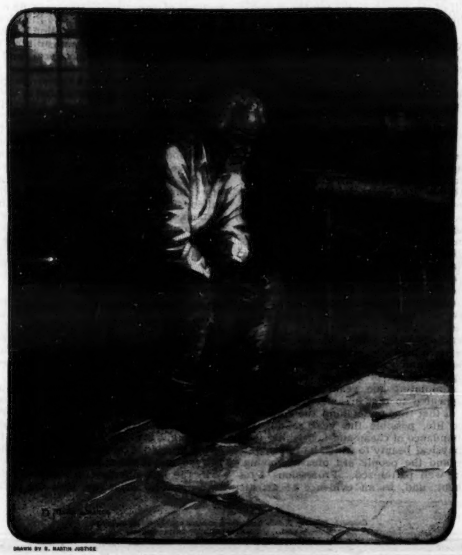
Devices for Making War More Cruel

By John Edward Jenks

THERE might be established in Washington an interesting museum of freak inventions, the objects of interest being the devices proposed for military and naval offense and defense. There is no field which seems to engage the lively imagination of inventors to a more reckless extent than that which includes the engines and articles of civilized warfare. They are not hampered by the laws of physics or by any recognized rule which governs the principles of cause and effect.

One of the important permanent boards of officers, the members of which sit periodically to discuss the subject of new material, is the Army Board of Ordnance and Fortification, of which Lieutenant-General Miles is the president. The other members are the Chief of Ordnance, the Chief of Engineers, an artillery officer and a civilian. They have a liberal policy which permits them to examine all the inventions which are submitted to them and to consider all the propositions, from whatever source they come. Some of them are from reputable and able inventors, men of serious ingenuity who have contributed to the armament of the world, but there are many unique ideas which show the fecundity of the human fancy when it is allowed full license in devising means to slay. The record of a single year furnishes abundant examples of the peculiar trend of some inventive minds. During the past year there have been no less than six designs of airships, most of them from sources which did not justify allotment for experimentation. The War Department has provisionally adopted a line of test for aërial warfare, and it is much in the same direction as the military ballooning which forms a part of the field equipment of the German and French Signal Corps. Some of the airships are of absurd character and are illustrations of the fact that there are men in the world who are not embarrassed by scientific formulas or hindered by the "superstition" of higher mathematics. It apparently does not take much thought to invent an airship. There are people who seem to turn them out without the slightest mental difficulty.

There is a class of inventors of war material who have a fiendish desire to destroy an enemy by a more terrific means than that of shot and shell. During the past year there were two propositions for a shell loaded with a gas, which would be ignited on liberation, and would burn the foe into subjection. There was an invention of a shell loaded with snuff, the idea being to seize the enemy with a fit of sneezing, and the plan was, apparently, to capture the entire afflicted army during the convulsion. There was a shell made of glass, its inventor not knowing that the steel shell explodes quite as well as a shell of any other substance. Another device was a shell loaded with ether, which was to reduce the enemy to a somnolent condition from which they were to be revived as captives. There were electric bombs and a number of projectiles containing liquids which, of themselves, were not dangerous, but which, united while the shell was in transit toward an enemy, would become a fierce explosive. There were several aërial torpedoes which, as their name indicates, were to travel far and do much damage.



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN HOPPER

The inventive genius does not confine itself to furnishing means of extermination, but also supplies means of protection against attack. In this class of invention were the roller breastworks, a sort of traveling belt of armor which could be advanced over the ground with the gunners, and shield them from the fire of their antagonists. Another invention was the magnetic bullet deflector. This was a powerfully magnetized plate worn on the cap of the soldier. The approaching bullet, which would have pierced his breast, would be quickly torn from its course and would fly harmlessly away. A sensible invention was the armored car, likely to be of much use in the Philippines or wherever there is a good deal of fighting across country. Akin to the bullet deflector was a device to interfere with the enemy's aim. This was an arrangement of mirrors similar to the heliograph, used by signal men in transmitting messages by flashes of the reflected rays of the sun. This invention contemplated throwing a dazzling shaft of light in the eyes of the enemy and rendering them blind to their own operations or to the attack upon them. A defect of such an invention, if it had none other, was in the fact that such a scheme could only be operated when the sun was shining. One man submitted a cloth shield. This was not a garment, but a frame upon which grayish cloth was hung, and behind which soldiers could secrete themselves. The cloth being of the color of the terrene it would be difficult to detect, according to the inventor.

A very ingenious scheme was one for accelerating the velocity of shells. It was arranged by the inventor that, after a shell had gone its distance, the latter half of it would discharge itself and project the front half a still greater distance. An ex-naval officer, who has some fame as an inventor, presented a ball-bearing projectile, a shell fitted with balls which gave the projectile the necessary motion which is now furnished by the rifling of a gun. A device pertaining to military equipment was one to assist cavalrymen in clinging to the saddle. This was a strip which connected one ankle to another beneath the horse's body and literally tied the cavalryman to the animal. The trouble in China induced many inventors to make distinctive propositions. The most notable proposition was a shell to be loaded with sulphuric acid, the inventor's idea being to strike terror to the Chinamen by this means when they would have no fear of an ordinary projectile.

Most inventions of this class are politely rejected, although only after they have been carefully examined by the experts.

LONG AGO

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

DE OL' time's gone, de new time's hyeah
Wid all hits fuss an' feddahs;
I done fu'got de joy an' cheah
We knowed all kin's o' weddahs.
I done fu'got each ol'-time hymn
We ust to sing in meetin';
I's leahned de pa'hs, so neat an' trim,
De preachah keeps us 'peatin'.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,
De day of long ergo.

My youf, hit's gone, yes, long ergo,
An' yit I ain't a-moanin';
Hit's fu' some t'ings I ust to know
I set to-night a-honin'.
De pallet on de ol' plank flo',
De rain har'l und' de eaves,
De live oak 'fo' de cabin do',
Whaih de night dove comes an' grieves.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,
De day of long ergo.

I'd lak a few ol' frien's to-night
To come an' set wid me;
An' let me feel dat ol' delight
I ust to in dey glee.
But hyeah we is, my pipe an' me,
Wid no one else erbout;
We bofe is choked es choked kin be,
An' bofe'll soon go out.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,
De day of long ergo.

Our Cities in the Twentieth Century

Kearney Street, Chronicle Building and Market Street

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF CUNNINGHAM, CURTIS & WELCH, SAN FRANCISCO

City Hall — completed in 1898

Crocker, Huntington and Flood residences — California Street

JAMES BRYCE, in his American Commonwealth, describes the topography of San Francisco so eloquently that I shall quote it here: "Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco, either in the beauty or in the natural advantages of her situation; indeed, there are only two places in Europe — Constantinople and Gibraltar — that combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position. Before you there is the magnificent bay with its far-stretching arms and rocky isles, and beyond it the faint line of the Sierra Nevada, cutting the clear air like mother-of-pearl; behind there is the roll of the ocean; to the left the majestic gateway between mountains through which ships bear in commerce from the farthest shores of the Pacific; to the right valleys rich with corn and wine, sweeping away to the southern horizon. The city itself is full of bold hills, rising steeply from the deep water. The air is keen, dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue. Perhaps it is air and light, recalling the cities of the Mediterranean, that make one involuntarily look up to the top of these hills for the feudal castle, or the ruins of the Acropolis, which one thinks must crown them."

The Splendid Growth of a New City

These are the natural advantages which have fixed the position of the metropolis of the West. By easy stages, without any forcing process, San Francisco has developed like the growth of a tree and now throws out its sheltering branches in every direction, bringing within its influences the mining, agricultural and industrial interests of the State. The fruits of prosperity have been gathered in plenty, and the city is destined to become the medium of a varied and extensive commerce. So the tree, whose roots are planted deep in the soil of California and nourished by the waters of the Pacific, has yielded abundantly not only of material prosperity, but, what necessarily follows from it, the higher civilization.

With the help of great universities, private and public, an educational, artistic, scientific and professional life has been fostered to a remarkable degree, and already have artists and investigators of the first class come out of this newest of cities.

Rudyard Kipling, arriving here from India many years ago, recorded in his American Notes that this was a mad city, whose population was made up of perfectly insane people and whose women were of a remarkable beauty. The bustling, active life of the men living in this climate — a climate which is stimulating the year round, without any excess of heat or cold — appealed to this dreamer from the far Oriental lands. He could not at that time understand the American temperament. The out-of-door life, possible the year round, the mixture of the races, and the abundance of cheap and nourishing food have given to our women that physical beauty to which he referred.

San Francisco is a gay city and the people are pleasure-loving. The theatres and all resorts are well patronized. Processions, fêtes and carnivals are not infrequent, and, as an evidence of artistic appreciation, it may be stated that Melba, Gadski, Nordica, Edouard De Reszké, Plançon and Walter Damrosch sang and played this season to crowded audiences, whereas they failed in the city of Chicago, which is more populous and pretentious.

San Francisco is also endowed with a full measure of civic pride. On January 1, 1900, its new charter, drafted by a board of its own freeholders, went into effect, and it is considered the most advanced organic law ever given to an American municipality. It confers upon the Mayor large responsibilities as to appointments and the power of removal of executive boards, sets up a rigorous civil service system, divorces the city from the State in order to avoid the biennial rapacity of the Legislature, limits taxation to one dollar on the one hundred of assessed valuation, limits expenditures to funds established inviolably at the beginning of the fiscal year, and prevents extravagance by giving the Supervisors the power, simply, of raising the revenue, with no power to handle its expenditure. It gives to the people, by a unique feature, the right, by the Initiative and the Referendum, to legislate for themselves if their local legislative body fails them. This is pure democracy.

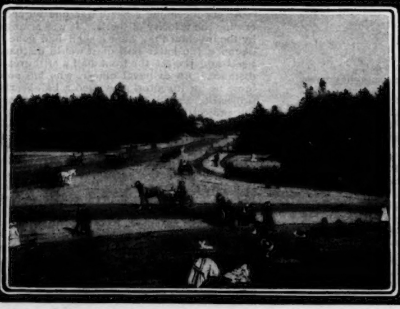
The first year's trial of the charter has been eminently successful, barring the natural friction which would necessarily result from so revolutionary an instrument. It is interesting to observe that the Initiative was resorted to during the year under unexpected circumstances. It is supposed to be the weapon of the people against an unwilling or corrupt Common Council, but the Council, or, as it is called, the Board of Supervisors, is an exemplary body, and in this instance refused to license pool-selling and book-making in the city. The gamblers procured a petition signed by more than fifteen per cent. of the qualified voters, as required by law, and thus forced the submission of an ordinance to the people at the November election. By over three thousand majority the ordinance was defeated and the gamblers were foiled.

Great Sums to be Spent for Parks

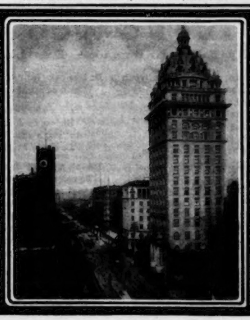
The people, after an energetic campaign, recently voted for the issuance of bonds bearing three and three and one-half per cent. interest, running for forty years and twenty years, respectively, for the purchase of lands for park and boulevard purposes, and for the construction of schoolhouses, a hospital, and an intercepting sewer system.

The authorized bond issue for parks amounts to $4,550,000, and contemplates the purchase of thirteen blocks, beginning at the present entrance of Golden Gate Park and terminating at Van Ness Avenue and Market Street; seven blocks, connecting Golden Gate Park with the Presidio Military Reservation; and two blocks in the district known as the Mission, near the old Mission Dolores Church, which was erected in 1776, and is our most venerated relic of the past.

By the first purchase, the main business street will be connected, by a beautiful driveway, with the park and the ocean beach, which

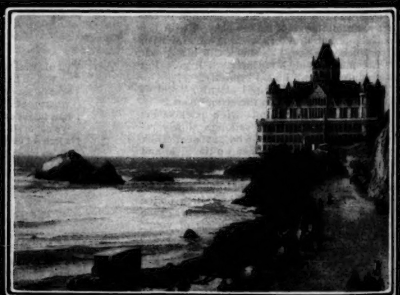


Main Drive — Golden Gate Park



Chronicle Building, Palace Hotel, the Examiner and Spreckels Buildings

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF CUNNINGHAM, CURTIS & WELCH, SAN FRANCISCO



The Seal Rocks and Cliff House

San Francisco—ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE

By Mayor James D. Phelan

PHOTO. BY LOUIS JAY GERSON
Looking over the Bay

PHOTO. BY LOUIS JAY GERSON
A street in Chinatown

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF CUNNINGHAM, CURTIS & WELCH
Interior of the Sutro Baths

will suggest the Avenue des Champs d'Elysée, connecting Paris with its great playground; but San Francisco has the singular and uncommon advantage of having the Pacific Ocean as the western terminus of its park system, which gives to all an objective point for their walks and drives. This magnificent body of water, ever-changing, affords an unceasing delight and is almost magnetic in its attraction, alluring the tired worker of the city to its restful yet turbulent shores. And hard by are the famous Cliff House and Seal Rocks, where seals, disporting themselves in the water or drying themselves on the land, are in full view of the sightseer on cliff and shore.

The new driveway, when completed, will bring the park and the seashore to the city and give a worthy access to a noble domain, providently reserved by the founders of the city for public park purposes. But by the second purchase, making a boulevard or park, a block wide, for a distance of seven blocks, the Presidio is practically annexed. That rolling body of land, skirting the Bay of San Francisco and overlooking the Golden Gate, contains 1500 acres. Then, by a boulevard connection over Buchanan and Dolores Streets, the Mission district, with its newly acquired park, will become a part of the general system, and the result of the whole will be to educate the people and encourage them in the use of their great playground; drawing them to it, as it were, and not suffering the barriers which now exist between them and it to stand as an obstruction forever.

At the same election the people approved of the issuance of $1,400,000 of bonds for the erection of new schoolhouses; $475,000 for a new public hospital; and $4,600,000 for the construction of new sewers to carry practically the whole drainage of the city to North Point, where the sewage can be emptied, without contamination to the shipping, into the rapid currents of the bay.

The only delay in carrying out the expressed will of the people is a technical objection raised against the validity of the bonds, which has been heard by the State Supreme Court and will soon be determined.

Practically no Bonded Debt on the City

The awakening spirit of the people in favor of public improvements can be best understood when it is known that after fifty years of municipal life San Francisco is to-day practically without a bonded debt—her net bonded indebtedness amounting to only about $50,000; a fact unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of modern cities.

The city long ago acquired by purchase, principally out of the tax levy and by reservation of public lands, park sites and school and fire-engine lots, and now has property of the value of about $30,000,000. The Park Commissioners, who receive for maintenance and improvement of public grounds about $240,000 per annum, have constructed a water system and a lighting system for the Golden Gate Park, and these are the only utilities which may be said to be owned by the city. The public buildings have been constructed from time to time, principally out of the tax levy. If San Francisco had acquired its own water-works, as contemplated many years ago, it would probably now have a small bonded debt, not exceeding ten million dollars. A new water supply will cost about $25,000,000 and will soon pay for itself, as the consumers now contribute $2,000,000 annually to a private corporation.

In addition, therefore, to the improvement bonds, to which reference has just been made, and whose issuance has been authorized, the people will at an early date authorize the issuance of bonds for the purpose of acquiring a water supply for San Francisco. The engineers of the Board of Public Works have been examining and surveying valuable sources of supply in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the river regions, and a report is expected presently which will give the city fathers an opportunity of determining that question.

The city is now supplied by a private water company, at rates fixed by the Board of Supervisors under constitutional authority. Gas and electricity are also supplied by private companies, but under the charter of San Francisco the rates which they may charge are regulated by the ordinances of the city's legislative body.

Municipal ownership of natural monopolies is preferred, not only because of better service, but in order to take these corrupting corporations out of public life. They have in the past debauched the Boards of Supervisors, discrediting our republican form of government and strewing the path of politics, which should be kept clean, with cast-off politicians who have, products of a vicious system, sold personal honor and public rights at the same time and for the same miserable price.

We now, however, have in office a local legislature unparalleled for probity and intelligence, and recently the President of the Merchants' Association—an active and potent civic association of San Francisco—gave a public testimonial to its worth.

A Mighty Commerce and its Increase

The movement of troops has brought a large business to San Francisco. The Government in the last three years has distributed upward of seventy million dollars in this city. From May, 1898, to and including December, 1900, there left San Francisco for the Orient 2930 officers, 86,146 enlisted men and 7487 horses, mules and cattle for their use; and during the same time there returned 807 officers and 16,008 enlisted men. The Army has a model camp in the Presidio Reservation and has erected extensive hospitals for the care of the sick and disabled men, unfortunately numerous, who come here on every returning troopship.

The development of our island, Oriental and Alaskan commerce has compelled the Harbor Commissioners to let contracts recently for the construction of four large new piers, each 600 feet long by 100 feet wide, and also for the extension of other wharves. Permission has been granted by the Government, through the recommendation of the United States Board of Engineers, to extend the pier-head line 200 feet farther into the bay than at present. The Southern Pacific

(Concluded on Page 23)

A Chinese restaurant
PHOTO. BY LOUIS JAY GERSON

A Chinese pharmacy
PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF CUNNINGHAM, CURTIS & WELCH

A Chinese theatre
PHOTO. BY LOUIS JAY GERSON

THE NEW QUEEN

By the Author of The Prince of Wales' Set

SHE is fond of birthday books; she dotes (let this be a frank paper) on rather poor poetry; she collects autographs and sketches with enthusiasm, clapping her hands even now when she gets a new specimen; and she danced in her drawing-room at Marlborough House when Sir Thomas Lipton lately put into her still dimpled hands the Alexandra Trust check for £100,000. "Why!" she cried with a slight flush of pleasure as she capered forward a few triumphant steps; "I have never had so much money before!" All this shows that Alexandra, Queen Consort of England, despite the sorrows to which her heart bears constant witness and despite the approaching sixties, which are in evidence only in her birth and marriage "lines" and not at all in the lines of her face, is still a young woman. This is her "mark"—her attractiveness at an age that was once thought to be disastrous to women. Nor has she shirked anything on the pretext that it was aging. Mrs. Gladstone used to be fond of recounting the story of her first meeting with the Prince and Princess after their marriage. "Your Princess is so lovely," she said to him, "that it is quite a pleasure to be in the same room with her." "Yes," he owned, "she really *is* very pretty." Frankly, her photographs, taken then and taken now, offer a comparative record from which she has no reason to shrink.

Those early days of the Queen's married life were a convincing test of her powers of pliability and adaptability. Her change of state, from girl to wife, was hardly greater than her change of fortune. She was brought up with more simplicity than many a daughter of a higher middle-class house in England. As a schoolgirl the Queen and her two younger sisters shared governesses and economies, and were taught to trim their own hats. Even her bedroom was not her own; she shared it with her sister. No wonder if she felt reluctances, timidities and hesitations in her new home. When she thought she had got used to most things, and had no new embarrassments ahead, she went to Oxford with the Prince. The undergraduates had, of course, arranged for a reception, and when she entered the Sheldonian Theatre they yelled in the fashion of that day. She had not been prepared for it; her face, framed in a close, high, 1863 bonnet, turned scarlet, but she kept her composed bearing. She has kept it ever since, always, and at all times, being a model of deportment.

Calming the Member of Parliament

Although every one knew well enough that she had been brought up a Lutheran, one irrepressible politician jumped up, when the engagement was announced to Parliament, and asked whether the betrothed of the Heir Apparent were a Protestant. Lord Palmerston replied that it was quite necessary that a Princess of Wales should be two things—a Protestant and pretty; and he was delighted to inform the Honorable Member that the Princess Alexandra was both. She has changed her religion since those days, for she has grown devoutly High Church; but she has never ceased to be pretty. In saying that she has grown prettier, one says in effect that she has learnt the art and craft of dress. It is part of her wifely conscience to appear attractive, and her dearest duty to look better to-day than she did when she wore a crinoline and a frock of doubtful fit and her hair in its natural straightness, with a fancy to the hair and bonnets of the eighties, which suited her, and, with slight modifications, she has kept them ever since. At a far distance, before her features are distinguishable, you may know her by her tight bonnet and the arrangement of her hair.

The Queen, in writing her confessions for one of her children, put her favorite womanly virtue as "submission." Thinking it sounded priggish, she afterward canceled the entry. But the word cannot be lost in writing of her. She has had great crosses and she has carried them long enough to find that they in turn carry her.

Albert Victor was born one evening in the January of 1864. Prince George came eighteen months later. But the firstborn was her favorite son, as the Duke of York has always been his father's. That was a hard fate which took from the mother the apple of her eye—an eye that could not wander and be distracted like the man's. Prince Alexander John, born in 1871, lived but for one day; long enough, however, to put the Court of St. James into mourning "for ten days, for his late Royal Highness Prince Alexander John Charles Albert," as the order ran; "the ladies to wear black silk dresses trimmed with crape and black shoes and gloves, black fans, feathers and ornaments." Poor little Prince—descendant of the Black Prince—decreeing black for all. But, despite Court mourning, the Princess of Wales is hardly ever thought of as the mother of two sons that died.

Deaf to All Except the King Himself

As Princess the Queen sought for no distractions outside her duties. Society, in the ordinary sense, she dislikes; and she has never made any great friends among either men or women. Her seriousness of intention has always been affronted by the trivialities of mere worldlings. Then her deafness is a serious disability: it has withdrawn her from intercourse with strangers; for though she hears the King perfectly, the ordinary speaker fails to make himself understood, and, as a result, he has only non-committing nods or acquiescing smiles—which naturally do not carry conversation much further. The voice of the Queen is a surprise to everybody. It a little resembles her husband's in its deep gutturalness. The stranger expects a cooing sound, but what he gets gives him a little start. The remark itself rarely causes surprise. Given the temperament and it is the obvious. You know what is coming.

"Do you *dream* about your music?" is the question put to composers. Among poets, the Queen's favorites are not yours or mine. She betrays her tastes in her own compositions, one of which suffices. It was composed for the Duke of York when a little boy, on the occasion of his father's birthday.

Day of pleasure, brightly dawning,
Take the gift of this sweet morning:
Our best hopes and wishes blending
Must yield joy that's never ending.

The loyalty, in all senses of the term, which the Queen has shown toward her husband has in these lines its illustration. You overlook everything else—even the Cockney rhyme. In bringing the children up to regard their father as Prince Paragon, the Queen at once gratified her ideal sentiments (a very ruling force with her) and her devotion to duty. The divergence of taste between herself and her husband in the choice of friends and companions could not be bridged over even by a Queen whose motto is "Submission;" and she is suspected of harboring in her secret soul a belief in the Providence which gave her a deaf ear. By this it is not meant that she does not hear scandal. In simple truth she does not need to hear it; and if she has to listen, she does it divinely. "I have just left the Prince making Lady —— very happy," said a chatterbox who watched to see what her arrow would effect. "How nice for her," was the reply. "He is so popular." In old days everything that the present King did well, and he has done many things well, gave her delight. She liked to dwell on them in her letters to her mother. "He was such a good host!" she said when they first settled at Sandringham, and he did the honors of the house one morning by sallying forth to feel if the hot-water cans for visitors were really hot.

When Fildes painted the Princess of half a dozen years ago, he confessed to his friends that he found it difficult to paint eyes that looked as though they were accustomed to tears and yet to preserve the cheerfulness a loyal public demanded from its Queen-to-be. He tried a compromise, which had the usual fate of compromises—it pleased nobody. Some day, perhaps, she will have her history painted as well as her mask, and will sit to Sargent. The Queen has an instinct for reticence, which ranks with her love of goodness and her liking to look nice as one of the three governing influences of her surrounded yet sequestered life. Queen Alexandra needed not to wait till her husband ascended the throne to rule the hearts of all his subjects. "She painted in water-colors, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," says the epitaph of a country churchyard. But there is no need to cite her water-colors, broadly and beautifully touched as these are, in proof of the statement that the Queen's kingdom is not of this world.

How to Keep Bachelors' Hall

By Herbert Copeland

IT ALWAYS has seemed odd to me that so few men appear to realize the advantages and pleasures of keeping "bachelors' hall"—that so many men endure the necessary discomforts of promiscuous rooming, eating and companionship in boarding-house or hotel, when, by a little thought, management and coöperation, they might enjoy the comforts of home and the delights of bachelors' hall. I can only account for it on one ground—that the mere sound of the word "housekeeping" terrifies most men who have not tried it, but have heard, or overheard, women discussing the trials of servants and the like. It sounds very expensive, too, and unknown "incidentals" loom up large, but these flatten out, like the hills, on near approach. That it is neither a very fearsome undertaking, nor necessarily an expensive mode of living I hope to be able to show in this paper. That it is a very enjoyable way to live hardly seems to need saying.

I am positive that four men can live as cheaply keeping house as they can scattered about in boarding-houses or hotels, getting luncheons and dinners here, there and everywhere, and equally sure that they can live much more comfortably. Six men perhaps can live even more cheaply, but six is too many for the ideal family. Of course it costs much more, individually, for two men, since two require almost as much in furnishing, food and heating as four. Four is the ideal number, and this paper will count the family of that size.

Congenial Companionship a Necessity

The main thing in setting up this kind of establishment, as of any kind, is congenial companionship. For though it is not absolutely so important as choosing for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, *till death do part*, it is something like it; and it is well to "go slow," for health, tempers and purses may fail at any time, and then will come the test. It is not necessary to plan for such contingencies—only to realize their possibility. As I said before, the ideal bachelor family consists of four—of similar ages and congenial tastes; and it adds much to the general comfortableness if one member of the four has not regular office hours: that is, if one can be about the house a good part of the time. Such a one would naturally be chosen housekeeper; in the beginning, at least. The extra work he may do in this capacity will be offset by the extra comfort and pleasure he will get out of the home.

It is well to understand in the beginning that expenses are to be shared equally, unless one man chooses to have some distinctly especial advantage, such as an extra room to himself. It may seem unfair, sometimes, that if one man has more company than another he should not pay more toward the running expenses, but it will even up in the long run, and it is most unwise to think of such things. Of course, if any one gives a special formal dinner, or tea, he should pay for that—but I mean ordinary "drop in" company. And this informal company is one of the greatest pleasures of bachelors' hall, and should be encouraged. It is hardly likely that there will be too much of it. And the frequent guest will often bring with him some surprise; some particular delicacy: cigars, a box of churchwardens, or anything he may know the family will enjoy; that he may "get even," as the phrase goes. This is as natural as are flowers and candy to the other kind of frequented establishment.

Choosing an Attractive Old House

Four fellows having agreed to be congenial, and having talked it all over, the next thing is to find a house. This is not the easiest matter in the world, for tastes differ as to kind, location, size. The safest thing to look for is an attractive old house in an unfashionable part of the city. In every city there is this part—that has seen better days, that is now largely devoted to small business or to lodgings. Usually, in Eastern cities at least, this is really the most attractive part of town, and its being a little out of the ordinary way only lends an added charm. A bachelors' hall on a fashionable residence street would be either an anomaly or a club house, neither of which are we discussing now. An old street, pretty well down town, is the best; one that has been, for some reason, left on the outer edge of business and has not developed into slums. The rent of houses in this sort of location is usually not high—from five hundred a year for a small house to one thousand for a large one is a fair estimate.

The necessary rooms are a large living-room, to be held in common—the larger the better, even if it occupy a whole floor; a dining-room, and, of course, kitchen, pantry and cellar. These rooms, in most cases, will occupy the two lower floors of an old house. Then each man should, of course, have a bedroom to himself. And there should be a bathroom on each floor. If there is not, the landlord should be persuaded to put one in; if he will not, the common purse ought to provide one. There should be a guest-room (two is better) and a servant's room. A "roof garden" adds a great deal to the bachelors' hall, for most men must of necessity be in town the greater part of the summer, and a cool place to smoke on a summer night is a great comfort.

Be Sure to Have Open Fireplaces

Another important thing to look for in selecting a house is the fireplace. No house, a bachelors' hall particularly, is complete without fireplaces. In many of the older houses such as I am thinking of there are concealed fireplaces. They were bricked up at the advent of furnaces and stoves, but a little trouble will dig them out. If none can be found in a house otherwise convenient, and there are stove holes, an old-fashioned open Franklin stove is a fair substitute. But visible fire there must be, else the thought of home after a December day's work lacks half the enticing charm—and who is not cheered by thought of the fire and the spread table where, though

Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

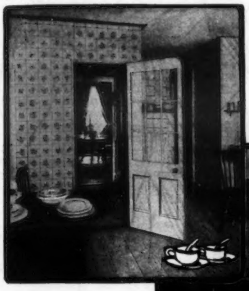
And, by the way, no bachelors' hall is furnished without a complete set of Thackeray. I wonder how many men he has led to try this life, despite his constant preaching of marriage?

Having selected the house and settled with the broker, the lease will usually have to be made for a year, and longer if improvements to amount to much are expected (men are considered good tenants, by the way, and things come easy if the case is explained); the next thing is furnishing. This is work and expense, but at the same time it is great fun.

Selecting Satisfactory Wall Paper

Any landlord will allow fresh papers and also allow the tenants to select them under a price limit. Cheap papers are good now, and one can get practically what one wants. Tastes are so diverse that it is hard to give any advice as to papers. For the halls I should, however, advise the old-fashioned landscape or picture paper. Two of the best halls I know (of course the houses are old-fashioned) have these papers, and they look extremely well, and have the advantage of not requiring, or even enduring, pictures hung on them—thus the hall is furnished and papered at the same time. For the dining-room and living-room, where there will be many pictures and wall decorations, a plain, or nearly plain, dark red or green paper is best. For the bedrooms each man must have his own choice. Light and figured papers, if not too gaudy, are good here. The ceilings may be tinted or papered; usually, tinting is the better, though I know of one room with dark red walls which has a ceiling covered with the Chinese gold paper, toned down, which is very effective. This would be good in a rather dull dining-room.

The kitchen



The living-room

Gas or electric fixtures may have to be selected—the plainer the better.

The downstairs furnishings for kitchen, pantry and cellar hardly any man will know how to buy. He would better get some woman friend to help him; or an obliging clerk in a kitchen-furnishing store will be glad to assist on the questions of pots, pans and kettles. Of course, everything cannot be thought of at once, but the cook will soon supply the deficiencies.

The dining-room is easily done: every one knows what goes into a dining-room. An old mahogany table is the best—one that can be used without a cloth; and if one is wise enough to choose willow ware or Canton china it looks far better on the bare table. Indeed, a bare table is best, anyway, in bachelors' hall, for all sorts of reasons. One should not forget a chafing-dish, a Vienna coffee pot and a large bowl for punch or salad.

What Should be in the Living-Room

The living-room may contain almost anything that is not bizarre, or tawdry, or too delicate. The essentials would seem to be a rug, easy chairs, a lounge, a window-seat if possible. A large table for the centre, with one end fitted up as a public desk, with a lamp, is most desirable,* both for the regular dwellers and for a chance caller who may find them out and wish to leave a note. A piano is also very desirable, and adds to the joy of many an evening. In fact, anything which adds to the joy of life and the comfort of living is in place in this room. Of course, there will be pictures and books. Every one should contribute to his best ability to make this room as attractive, homelike, comfortable and beautiful as possible.

The bedrooms may be simple or elaborate, costly or cheap in their furnishings; every man must necessarily know what he wants in his own bedroom, and he needs to consult no one; for each man in a bachelor family should have his own room sacred to himself: no one should "kick" at another man's taste, or lack of it. In the common rooms nothing should be put which is positively objectionable to other members of the family.

The servant's room and the guest-room must be furnished from the common purse. The plainer and simpler the furnishing of the servant's room the better, though the things should be comfortable and of good quality, as a matter of economy and decency.

Fitting Up a Room for the Guests

In the guest-room, besides the ordinary bedroom furniture, there ought to be some sort of a desk. Also it is a scheme to keep a pair of pajamas and a bathrobe and slippers here—for most of the company in bachelors' hall is likely to be distinctly casual and unprepared. And all the rooms must have suitable bed clothing, towels and the like. These may be got almost anywhere. It is a mistake to buy them of too cheap a quality, even if the purse is getting low. Economize on something that does not have to go to a laundry every week, for the laundry would seem to prove the First Grave-Digger's "Your water is a sore decayer," even of good stuff.

If the four men do not expect too much personal service, one servant is enough, with occasional help from a scrub woman and a weekly laundry call. If much personal service is required, another man is needed; and if the common purse can afford it, two servants are naturally better than one, anyway. It is very pleasant to have one's clothes taken care of, brushed and pressed and cleaned, without thinking about it. It is handy to have a man always ready to do an errand, to buy forgotten things, to carry messages and bundles, and do the various small things that a second man will be able to do, when if there were only one he could not be expected to do more than the actual housework. I say a man, for even if there are two servants, two men are better than a man and a woman, though some fellows prefer a man and his wife, and this arrangement has its advantages.

The dining-room

Where there is only one servant, about all he can be expected to do is the cooking, the washing of dishes, the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms in the morning, and maybe the marketing, though it seems a better plan for one of the fellows to do this. But of the work for the bachelors themselves there is more to be said later. Where two servants are kept one should do the cooking, the downstairs work and the marketing. The second servant would do all the upstairs work and the serving at table, take entire care of the upper part of the house, tend door, and, in addition to this, would have time enough to do many services of a valet to the men if they were not too exacting. Certainly he should be able to take all ordinary care of the boots, clothing and hats and see that everything is kept in perfect order, ready to be worn at a minute's notice. More intimate services he would not have time to perform for four men.

It is not at all difficult to get servants for men's housekeeping—nor do they expect large wages. An admirable Japanese man can be got for twenty-five dollars a month where there is to be but one servant, and a second one for twenty, if two men are desired. And nothing can be better than Japanese servants—they are quiet, orderly, intelligent and, as a rule, do not care to be often "out."

Insist on Japanese Costume

If the upstairs servant does not object, it is very attractive to have him wear indoors the native costume, which is picturesque, comfortable, and excellently adapted to work such as he has to do. It certainly lends a sort of charm to a meal to have the gray-robed, picturesque figure gliding about instead of the ordinary "jacket-and-panted" individual. And to wake up to seeing this quaint figure bowing and asking permission to brush your clothes is very agreeable. The servants most often seen in bachelor apartments are negroes. They are easier to get, and certainly a good negro servant is very good. Many of them may be had for less wages than the Japanese require, but as a rule these cheaper men are in no way skilled, and are very fond of going from one place to another—never a desirable quality in a servant. Some men like Chinese servants; just why I never could see, though of course a good servant is a good servant, of whatever nationality he may be. But I find that as a general thing most men who keep house prefer servants of another nationality than their own—and with very good reason, I am sure. There seems to be less danger of familiarity, for one thing, and things run more smoothly in many ways.

One of the greatest questions of all is who shall be housekeeper and how the work that must necessarily be done by the men, however good the servants, shall be apportioned. This is a question not easily settled in the beginning. If, as I said in the first of the article, one man has more time to himself than the others, this man would naturally, at least for the first month, till things get running evenly, take upon himself the duties which require more time. After the first month a fair way is to take turns till all have had their turn. Then, if one man seems particularly fitted to be the head of things, it is most natural for him to take a longer turn—or to take it upon himself to be housekeeper all the time—and if he does show any special aptitude for it, it is pretty sure that he likes it and will be willing to keep on, for with many men, as well as women, the running of things is a natural taste like any other quality of mind or aptitude of faculty.

Advantages in Being the Housekeeper

And being the head of the house has certain perquisites and importances attached to it, also, which are agreeable. If the one in charge is "good to" the servants they naturally wish to please him and will do many little extra things for him, which is fair and reasonable on both sides. Then, too, it is, to many, a pleasure to say what shall be the menu for the day, to hunt the markets, either literally or figuratively, for new things to eat, or for special favorites. Indeed, to be *the* man of the house has distinct advantages of many sorts.

But, too, it has its disadvantages and discomforts aside from the certainly large amount of extra work it entails. Primary among these is the being the scapegoat when things go wrong. For as sure as human nature is human, and nature is nature, things will go wrong at times, and there must be a scapegoat. And who but the one who is head of the house is to be "it?" Then comes the time for patience and tact, for pouring oil on the troubled waters, instead of turning about and throwing it into the fire—as is often so tempting. I don't mean that it is usually best for one man to be housekeeper *all* the time; he, as well as the others, should have occasional vacations. But it is best for *one* man to be in charge at *one* time all the time. No household can run smoothly if every one has "the say."

A corner of a bedroom

There is, of course, the other way to run a house—to leave all the marketing, all the business, all the detail to the head servant, or to *the* servant, if there is but one. This sounds easy, but it is not so easy or so satisfactory as it sounds, and if economy must be considered it is out of the question. For to leave everything to servants, never asking or knowing the prices of things, not only leads to large bills, but almost inevitably leads likewise to "being done." Perhaps it is not always intentional "doing," but it is hardly to be expected that other people will look out for one's interests, if one is too lazy or too careless to look out for them one's self.

*Note—Much of what is said in an article on Furnishing a College Room which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of October 27, 1900, applies to furnishing bachelors' rooms.

Editor's Note—This article will be followed by a second paper, on the same subject, by Mr. Copeland, in The Saturday Evening Post of March 2.

XUM

A BORDER LAD *By* Flora Annie Steel

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"WHERE the deuce have you been, you young scamp?" asked Sir Hugh Maxwell of his nephew.

The young scamp in question was small for his age, in addition to being young. Being also soaked to the skin he looked smaller than need be; smaller even than an undersized boy of seven. He had a shock of reddish hair, a face rather paler than usual from sheer fatigue, and a pair of nondescript gray eyes remarkable only for their look of piercing sight. He was dressed in what had been a black knickerbocker suit; it was now dyed brown with peat water, stained green and purple with heather, and torn inconceivably. But the big old Gordon setter, seated on its haunches beside him, leant against the forlorn figure as if for support, since it stood straight as a die—straight and silent. Not from sullenness; simply because the boy had a curious regard for truth for a seven-year-old and did not in the least know where he had been. Somewhere over the hills, of course—those swelling heather-covered Border hills which to his town-bred eyes suggested such a wide world beyond that hard, purple line of horizon that was always so near, yet never could be reached.

The head gamekeeper, who, with all his underlings, had been hunting the truant for hours through a blinding mist, answered the question for him.

"It wad be the whauraboots o' a mile frae Hobbie's cairn, at the t'ither side o' oor march, Sir Hugh, that we cam' on him in a cleugh, shelterin' a wee ahint a baulder like a mawkin. Mair by token, we might hae overlooked the laddie a'thegither, seein' he was asleep, if it hadna ben for auld Drake, the brute, ganging his ain gate ower a covey o' muirpits——"

"Beyond our march? And Drake—dash that dog! Did he kill any of the cheepers?"

Cramond, the keeper, looked at his aide and coughed. "There was seven ga'ed awa whatever, Sir Hugh," he said diplomatically. "An' that's a strong covey. I cud be doing wi' a few mair o' them mysel'; for the hinner end of the breedin' was no sa guid that——"

But Sir Hugh was not to be beguiled. "It's intolerable. Chairman of the Bench! And my dog goes over my march and kills my neighbors' birds. I'll have that dog shot—useless old brute!"

Drake, knowing he was the subject of conversation as dogs do, wagged his tail affably. Perhaps he knew also of the soft spot in Sir Hugh's heart for the reckless young half-brother who had left the dog behind him when he drifted away from the old home never to return. At any rate he leant up against that half-brother's orphan son and wagged his tail contentedly.

"There's no yen, even in the Duke's ain kennels, that's gotten a nose like auld Drake's, Sir Hugh," spoke up the head keeper again, diplomatically. "He's just a sagawcious brute, and can do mair wi' a randy pup than I can mysel'—an' that's sayin' a gude deal," he added in a lower key.

His master was quite aware of the fact—aware also that old Drake's outbreaks over cheeping grouse were always strictly private so far as the rest of the kennel was concerned.

So he turned to the boy again.

"What the deuce makes you go wandering out over the hills like a tinkler, sir? This is the third time you've done it these holidays. Why can't you stay with Effie?"

Archie, aged seven, was very fond of his cousin Effie, aged four. He had, in fact, a vast admiration for her; yet the attraction of wandering was sometimes uncontrollable.

"Don't be sulky, sir. Why do you go wandering about? What do you want to do, sir?"

This time the answer came pat. "I want to see what's on the other side."

"And what the ——"

The dinner bell ringing at that moment, Sir Hugh gave a hasty order that Master Archie was to be taken up to nurse, who was to put him to bed with nothing but bread and water for his supper, and then he went off to his own meal.

The savory smell of it hung about the stairs, but Archibald Maxwell went up them quite cheerfully. His past life had brought him more good appetite than good things on which to satisfy it, and, in truth, he thought more of his bed than of his supper. That would be consoling after dripping heather and peat-bogs.

The sight, however, of his cousin ready dressed for the mysterious pleasure of going down to dessert roused regret both for her company and the walnuts. She was a rather fat young person, solid and dignified as became the heiress of Maxwelford. She looked at him critically from the magic circle of her own starched muslin frills.

"I fink oo's a welly dirty 'ickle boy," she said disdainfully. "Isn't oo a welly dirty 'ickle boy, Archie?"

DRAWN BY S. MARTIN JUSTICE

Without a word more she lifted his right hand and deliberately kissed a little white scar on the thumb

Archie returned her look with one of vast admiration.

"It's only my knickers," he protested eagerly, as nurse dragged him off with contumely. "I'm all wight inside—I weally am, Effie. Wait till you see me in my nighty."

"In your nighty, indeed!" interrupted nurse indignantly. "And you a bad boy, givin' us all fits o' fright! No, Master Archie! Off you goes straight to bed, an' stays there."

"But I want to say good-night to Effie. I always say good-night to Effie," protested the culprit. "Oh, nurse! Do let me say good-night—I want to say good-night."

"Then want must be your master. Bad little boys don't say no good-nights to good little girls."

Effie in her starched frills stood Sphinx-like, and Archie held his peace. It was his habit when the official future did not fit in with his notions of what it ought to be. In such cases, it being impossible to say with certainty what might come to pass, the truth was best served by silence.

In this case, ten minutes after, when nurse had tucked him into bed with those hard, unsympathetic little tucks which are suggestive of lumps in the mattress, and was busy in the night nursery, a very different little figure from the one she had dragged away entered the outer room stealthily on tiptoe—a figure like one of Botticelli's angels, robed in a straight white gown, and with a shock of curly reddish hair above a strong cheerful face.

"I'm quite clean now, Effie," it whispered gleefully. "I knewed I was quite clean inside."

Nurse had taken the lamp with her, but by the firelight a sparkle of real enjoyment showed on Effie's solidity.

"Oh, Archie! Now oo's weally a welly naughty boy, I do b'lieve. Isn't oo a welly naughty 'ickle boy, Archie dear?"

Archie's angelic appearance became more marked by reason of a wistful regret. "Not welly naughty, Effie," he confessed truthfully. "I don't feel welly naughty inside, only just a little teeny-weeny bit—to please nurse, don't you know?"

Effie's face fell, the corners of her mouth went down ominously; for the one desire of her young mind was to see, as she expressed it in confidence, "A weally, weally, welly, welly bad boy." She being by nature a solidly good girl, and by circumstance an only child, had had as yet no opportunity of observing this very common object in most nurseries.

"Zen I won't say dood-night," she announced severely. "Effie doesn't care for good 'ickle boys." Archie's expression of virtuous reproach as the starched white frills backed from his proffered embrace was almost sublime.

"Oh, Effie!" he said appealingly. "Don't be a nasty little girl. I can't go to bed without sayin' good-night, an' I'm so awfully sleepy, Effie, and I can't help feelin' only middlin' naughty; you know I can't. Oh! Effie, dear, do kiss me! Nurse will be coming back in a minute, and then she'll——"

"Zen she'll say oo's a welly, welly naughty 'ickle boy," interrupted Effie with a sudden gleam of sheer malice chasing her solidity away. "See if she won't. I'll make her!"

The starched white frills gave a sudden flirt, there was a scuffle, a yell from Archie, a shriek from Effie, and nurse rushing in with a lamp found the children on the floor fighting like wild cats.

Ten minutes afterward Archie, having taken a whipping like a man for having bitten his little cousin in the thumb, was in his bed with the door locked, while Effie was eating walnuts and glorying in the black patch of sticking plaster which covered a tiny scratch on her fat hand; a cheap price for the privilege of seeing what she described as a "weally awful bad boy."

This was a description which Sir Hugh Maxwell so thoroughly indorsed that he sent Archie back to his widowed mother forthwith, adding to his usual check for the boy's support the rider that the offender must be sent to school at once, or he would get beyond bounds.

The remark was prophetic even with school as a curb. Archie's faculty for exceeding conventional limits grew with his years until, his mother having died in the interim, he found himself at sixteen once more standing on one side of the study table at Maxwelford with his uncle sitting very far back in his chair on the other. Between them lay a head master's letter requesting the boy's removal from school; or rather, since it was scarcely a case for public opprobrium, his failure to reappear there at the end of the holidays. There was no imputation of any vicious habit whatever; but Archie's habit of being perpetually out of bounds was subversive of all discipline, etc., etc. The letter ended, as usual, with hints at home influence, and regrets that there should have been so little of it in the lad's life.

It was this which, after nine years, had brought Archie once more to the study table. It also brought a twinge of remorse to his uncle's face as, realizing how much the culprit had grown, he realized also how long it was since the offender had last come up for judgment.

"Well, sir," he said, gruffly tapping the letter, "and what have you got to say for yourself? What the deuce do you mean by always being out of bounds; hey?"

Archie's cheerful face clouded a little. He was neither small nor big for his age now, but just an ordinary boy, barring that peculiar promise of piercing sight in his blue-gray eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," he replied suddenly, with a burst of confidence as it were, "but it's awful hard, you know, to tell how far you've gone sometimes; isn't it, sir? Especially when things look—so near. That's the worst of seeing so well."

His uncle gave the impatient "pish" which he used on the bench when tramps pleaded fatigue, or thieves hunger. "That's all deuced well, sir," he retorted wrathfully, "but what do you propose to do now? I thought you wanted to get into the army? You can't go up for Sandhurst now. You're too young, even for crammers, and no decent school will take you. It's come, let me tell you, sir, at a most deuced inconvenient time. Even if it had been next year it wouldn't have mattered quite so much——"

"Yes, it's an awful pity," assented Archie ruefully, "for if only old Stilts would let me stick on this half I'd be in the football eleven sure as eggs——"

Sir Hugh glanced across the table sharply, for he had been a player in his youth. "Nonsense, sir," he said, forgetting all else. "You're too young—not heavy enough."

"I don't know, uncle, but the fellows say I'm the best forward in the school, and if there's a chance of boundary——" The words recalled the offense.

"Upon my soul, sir," roared his uncle, "you're dashed impenitent. You don't seem to care a bit. Don't you know, sir, that you're a miserable sinner?"

Archie looked at the elder without the faintest defiance. "I'm—I'm really awfully sorry, uncle," he said with a suspicion of tremor in his voice, "but I don't. I don't feel awfully bad about it, I'm afraid. There's such a lot of things one wants to see; and the fellows tell such whackers."

Either wrath, astonishment or sympathy kept Sir Hugh silent for a moment; then he said gruffly: "Well! you'll spend your holidays here, anyhow. So don't let us have any foolery. What comes after will depend upon that. Now go and see your cousin—she's grown a lot, too."

She had in length; but the fatness was gone. She was now an angular girl of thirteen, the solidity had given place to patronizing pertness, and the white frills were less conspicuous and somewhat ragged.

"So you're Archie," she said looking up from the pony's bit which she was polishing in order to confound the stable-boy. "What a bad little boy you used to be! You bit my thumb last time you came. Nurse says so."

Archie's hands were behind his back as he leant against the wall watching the polishing.

"Yes!" he said succinctly; "but I won't do it again."

"You'd better not," retorted his cousin quickly; then she paused and went a step nearer him, as a cat comes nearer a mouse, and her dark eyes challenged him menacingly. "You'd better not. I—I wouldn't only cry this time."

DRAWN BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

"Where the deuce have you been, you young scamp?" asked Sir Hugh Maxwell of his nephew

He met the menace quite cheerfully. "All right," he said, blinking his eyes—a habit of his at times—"I'll remember." She looked at him critically from top to toe. "You've grown a lot," she remarked in a patronizing tone, "but Doodles will carry you all right. Then we can go out riding together. That will be fun."

It seemed to be so at any rate for the next three weeks. Sir Hugh indeed, watching their close companionship, began to have visions of a private tutor; especially when Cramond reported that Mr. Archie was, like his father, "a most sagawcious shot wi' birds." It was "clean redeeklous," he said, but the lad had killed ten old cocks to his own six when they had been walking the marches to drive in the coveys; for at this time there was that bitterest of all quarrels, a dispute about sporting rights, between Sir Hugh and a rich Englishman who had bought the neighboring property, and each went out of his way to be nasty to the other. So Sir Hugh had chuckled, and given Archie standing leave to prevent any of his birds going over to the "bloated mechanic" (as he loved to call his enemy), by blazing away as much as he liked at old cocks in the marches.

It was a fatal error. A week afterward Sir Hugh nearly had an apoplectic fit when Cramond rushed in ready to rescue or die, with the news that his natural enemy, his neighbor's keeper, had walked Mr. Archie off to the county town, as a poacher caught in the act, for having seven and a-half brace of grouse and a gun in his possession at least one mile beyond the limits of the Maxwelford property!

An abject apology from Sir Hugh saved the lad from prosecution but nearly broke his uncle's heart. He refused even to see the offender, who was then and there packed off to a place where they prepare young gentlemen for various careers; notably that of going to the dogs. Cousin Effie's indignation, however, was not so dignified. She stood very angular, very pert, very patronizing, and harangued him on the enormity of thus disgracing Maxwelford and the Maxwell name. Finally, with a stamp of her foot, she flashed out a sudden half-petulant belief that he didn't care a bit, that he didn't really feel bad about it—did he?

It was in the gun-room that she made this assertion, and Archie, despite his chagrin, was rather enjoying the task of packing up his gun. He looked back at her challenging eyes with sober, good sense. "Well, you see, Effie," he said, almost consolingly, "they were all old cocks, so that was a good riddance for any one's moor, wasn't it?"

Whereupon Effie stamped her foot again vehemently, and went off like a whirlwind, declaring she would never speak to him again.

She had no opportunity for five years, and then fortune favored the lad, since it was not in human nature—girl's human nature at all events—to refuse speech to a pleasant-faced young fellow who had just gained the officers' sword against sword at the Aldershot sports. In fact, it was Sir Hugh himself who brought the victor up for re-introduction to a girl who had grown out of both angularity and fatness. But the white frills remained, though they were no longer starched or ragged; the sight of them brought a queer constriction to the boy's heart.

"So you're Cousin Archie," said the girl imperially, "and that's your uniform, isn't it? It's rather pretty, and you look rather nice in it. Only you won't be able to wear it long, will you? You'll have to go to India, of course, and live in a horrid native regiment all your life, because you'll never be able to afford a Queen's regiment; not even as adjutant. And they might make you adjutant, when you are such a swell at maps and all that. I saw it in the papers, and father said he hoped it would teach you to know your own ground."

"It's awful easy on paper," began Archie eagerly. "You've only to draw a line, you know——"

Effie interrupted him dryly. "Just so. Now you can take me to have an ice, please. Strawberry cream. I hate water ices; they are so limp and sloppy, you know." She, at any rate, was neither the one nor the other, though, as she stood taking off her white gloves coolly, Archie thought somehow of Hans Andersen's ice maiden.

"I suppose you're a dreadfully good boy now," she said looking at him critically. "But you used to be an awfully bad one. Do you remember biting my thumb when I was little?"

"Did I?" replied Archie with cheerful stolidity.

"Did you? Why! of course you did! Through and through to the bone. Look! there's the mark! Don't you see it—down there just in the middle by that wrinkle? You flew at me and bit me—on purpose—just out of sheer, wanton, unprovoked wickedness——" Her voice lingered maliciously over each syllable, her brown eyes watched him narrowly as he looked at the smoothest of white thumbs displayed aggressively upon the edge of the ice-plate.

"I'm awfully sorry. I won't do it again, Effie," said Archie, and the girl laughed—a quick, satisfied laugh.

"You'd better not," she replied. "I'm not a helpless baby now. And when are you coming down to Maxwelford, sir? I'm keeping house for father now, and it's fun. Cramond says there are lots of old cocks, and you could have one of the attics, I dare say, though we've crowds of people coming this year. Father's standing for the county, you know, and that brings more people—crowds on crowds."

It did. But Effie marshaled them hither and thither as if she had been hostess all her life. She marshaled the voters, too; since if father chose to contest the county seat against his ancient enemy, the "bloated mechanic," it was above all things necessary to win it. Not that there was a doubt, even with the radical votes of the new weaving villages started by the Manchester man on his property.

(Continued on Page 20)

The Potank Sanitarium

By Joe Lincoln

"—and his 'No. 10' was the antidote for the 'No. 17' that the child had swallered"

BREATHES there a man ——'" declaimed Mr. Titcomb, beginning his story and gesticulating with the cigar I had given him;

"'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
With shakin' limbs and achin' head,
Who doesn't know he oughter come
To Potank's Sanitarium?'

"Never heard that piece of poetry, did yer?" he went on. "No? Don't say! Then you've never met none of them

"'Countless thousands in this land
Who raise on high each good right hand,
And swear, all ailments must succumb
At Potank's Sanitarium.'

"Well, it begun this way. The winter after you stopped at our house. Desire"—(Desire was Mr. Titcomb's sister)—"Desire and me had a new boarder. He was a thin, long-legged chap, who wore glasses and middlin' seedy clothes, and said his name was Potank—Philander P. Potank. He intended to stay a week, but when that was up he cal'lated to stay another, and, after that, a third.

"All this time he hadn't offered to pay any board, so I jest give him a kind of gentle jog on the subject. He said he'd fix it that evenin' and wished I'd come up to his room after supper, so I done so. He asked me to set down and then he says:

"'I told yer my name, Mr. Titcomb, but I didn't tell yer my profession. I am the celebrated *Doctor* Potank.'

"'Glad to hear it, Doctor,' I says, though I'd never heard of the critter afore; "now, about that matter of board that you owe me ——'

"'We will—ahem—let the question of the board—hem—rest until later in the evenin',' he says. 'It was upon another subject that I wished to speak fust.'

"'Fore I could object he commenced to tell me that he was a chemist, and that he'd discovered that the water in the spring back of our kitchen had great medicine qualities. Said 'twas jest nateral physic for all kinds of diseases.

"'Look how healthy you and your sister be!' he says. 'Why? Why, 'cause yer've drunk that water all your lives! Look what fine cattle and hogs yer've got! Why? Why, 'cause they drink that water!'

"'Oh, no, they don't, Doc!' I says; 'they git their water from the mudhole back of the barn.'

"'Well,' says he, never turnin' a hair, 'more'n likely the water from the spring permeates the mudhole. As I said afore, that spring is Natur's great cure-all. There's millions of dollars in it!'

"I was jest goin' to suggest that, if that was so, p'raps he had better step out and dip up enough of them dollars to pay his board, but he kept right on talkin'. And *how* he could talk! Why, say! That feller could persuade a cow that she knew how to read! He went on to tell how much money had been made by people who owned such and such a spring, and what a mint there was in patent medicines and sich like.

"'Gold mines ain't in it with sick folks to make money out of!' says he. 'What you want to do is to start a sanitarium and cure invalids with that spring water.'

"Well, ter shorten up the story, that chap's tongue run so smooth and convincin' that, 'fore the week was over, Desire and me had agreed to put up two thousand dollars—'bout all we had—and back Potank while he turned our place into a sanitarium.

"Fust thing he done was to buy himself some new black clothes and a silk hat, and raise some whiskers. Then he'd go down to the village every day and look busy and mysterious and wise, and git folks' curiosity way up. They'd ask me who he was, and I'd say: 'Oh! you'll know bimeby. All I can tell yer now is that he's a pretty big gun to be hangin' 'round *this* one-hoss town!'

"'Twan't long afore the county papers begun to have squibs like this:

"'It is rumored that the great Doctor Potank, the celebrated specialist, is now on the Cape, and is about to astound the world with another medical discov'ry.'

"Or: 'The Banner is proud to make known its exclusive intelligence that the great Doctor Potank, the wonderful healer, is stopping at the farm of Mr. Isaiah Titcomb, of Harniss. Knowin' what we do of the Doctor's intentions, we feel safe in prophesyin' that, within a year, Mr. Titcomb's farm will be as well known as the White House at Washin'ton.'

"All this sort of advertisin' cost him was a few cigars and a bushel of blarney. The hints about him and his discov'ry got broader 'n broader, till, fin'lly, when he was ready, the whole story of the wonderful spring was printed in every paper in the section.

"He painted the house and outbuildin's, put a shed over the spring, and set up a ten-foot sign: 'Doctor Potank's Sanitarium for the Debilitated.' He put advertisements in every paper from Dan to Beersheby, and them he couldn't pay for he got on tick. Them advertisements was mighty interestin' readin'. Some of 'em was poetry like them I said to yer. Desire, she knows 'em all by heart. There was one like that curled hair—no, Excelsior poem of Shakespeare's. It went:

"'The shades of night the sun had hid,
When forth there crept an invalid;
"Oh joy!" he cried; "I'm sure I can
Be cured at Doctor Potank's Sanitarium!"'

"'Fore the season opened we had applications for more rooms than there was in the house, so Potank got a carpenter to fix up the hay-mow and we loaded the sufferers in there. Desire and me got our money back 'fore that summer was over.

"Yer see, the invalids not only had to pay for board and the doctor's services, but the cure-all water was five cents a glass, and they wa'n't allowed to drink anything else. Potank, he used to do what he called 'diagnose' the cases, and he'd allers order the victims to eat lots of salt food, so we had ham, dried codfish, herrin' and sich like every mornin' for breakfast. After a good salt mack'rel breakfast I've seen as much as four dollars' wuth of water drunk in one forenoon.

"The second year we enlarged the house and built another story on to the hay-mow. Then the Doctor begun puttin' up his own medicines. They was little white pills and come in numbered bottles. There was 'Potank's Special Remedy No. 7,' or 'No. 8,' or whatever might be. Them pills was fifty cents a bottle, and every sufferer eat a ha'f peck or so 'fore they got through, so the Sanitarium was makin' money.

"Everything was lovely until the fourth season. Then Mrs. Van Gabbel and her six-year-old boy come to be cured of that 'tired feelin'.' They give everybody else that same feelin' 'fore they'd been there a month, but Mrs. V. G. had lots of cash and drunk about a barrel of water a week and eat pills in proportion, so she was 'star boarder.'

"Some of the Doc's pills was labeled 'Poison' in big red letters. Potank said them was turrible potent, and while one pill was a curer from way back, more'n that was sartin death. He charged two dollars a bottle for the poison ones, and the Van Gabbel outfit was takin' three different brands.

"One mornin' Mrs. V. G. come tearin' down the stairs, white as a sheet, and draggin' the youngster after her. When she reached Potank's lab'ratory—he had a lab'ratory now, and a big office and a lecture hall, and I dunno-what-all—she managed to gasp out what the trouble was and fainted.

"Seems like little Octavius Van Gabbel had been playin' 'round in her room and had got hold of one of them poison pill bottles. As 'twas pretty nigh full when he got it, but empty when she caught him with it, the inf'rence was that he'd eat the pills. He said he hadn't, but that didn't count.

"'Twould have done yer good to see how cool Potank took it. He told her not to give up hope. Said 'twas a dangerous case, but he'd exercise all his perfessional skill. Said the only way to counteract some kind of poisons was by administerin' another one, and his 'No. 10' was the antidote for the 'No. 17' that the child had swallered. Said one of them poisons was antagonistic to the other, and they'd fight against each other in a person's works—like the Kilkenny cats, I reckon—till they was both played out and the person was well. So they give Octavius a shovelful of 'No. 10' and trusted to Providence.

"Well, the boy didn't seem no ways inclined to die, so Mrs. V. G. called Potank 'preserver of her child' and a lot more names, and he looked noble and grand and charged her ten dollars. Then him and his assistant—he had an assistant by this time—went off down to the village, and I thought the fuss was all over.

"But it wa'n't, not by a good deal, because 'pretty soon I heard Mrs. V. G. screamin' again and down she come with the boy in a worse state than ever. Yer see, 'twas an empty bottle that the child had found, and the full one was in its place with no pills missin'. And here was Octavius, who hadn't eat any 'No. 17,' chock full of the antidote, which the Doctor said was worse poison than t'other. And Potank was out and wouldn't be back for an hour.

"I tried to persuade Mrs. V. G. to wait and see if the boy was goin' to be sick, but she wouldn't hear of sich a thing, and off she put for the village to see a doctor there. She didn't come back for a long spell, and when she did Doctor Sears was with her.

"Sears was a new doctor that had jest come to town. He was right out of college, and pretty smart, too, I cal'late. He said he'd used the stomach pump and the boy was all right now, he thought. Then he inquired mighty particular into the poison business; went down and took a drink at the spring and generally made himself at home. I knew Potank wouldn't like it, but what could I do?

"Next day he come back again and called on Potank. He talked Latin to the 'celebrated healer,' and asked particular about everything connected with the Sanitarium. Potank, he done his best to be learned and grand, but I could see that he was kind of troubled.

"He was glum for the week after Sears left, but, as nothin' happened, he soon got as chipper as ever. I told yer he had a lecture hall. Well, every week he used to give a lecture on 'The Science of Healin',' and charge a quarter admission. Lots of folks used to come, and he made money out of it.

"There was to be one of them lectures on the Wednesday evenin' a fortnight after the poison time. I had been away all day, and when I drove into the yard at night I see we was goin' to have a big crowd at the lecture. And 'twas all men. Usually 'twas mainly women, but to-night there wa'n't one to be seen.

"'Twas a different crowd, too. Doc Sears, he was there; and a lot of students who was boardin' over to the hotel was there. Then there was a lot of Potank's old patients: folks that had been to the Sanitarium and had been discharged when cured—or when broke, which was the same thing.

"While I was wond'rin' why there should be such a turnout Lem Saunders come up and spoke to me. He got into the wagon with me and told the whole story. Seems Sears had bribed the girl at the spring to git him a bottle of the cure-all water and a set of the 'Special Remedies.' He'd analyzed 'em and found the water was jest common spring water and the pills was nothin' but sugar, with no medicine in 'em at all. So he'd told the town folks and had written to a few of the ex-Sanitariumites, and the crowd was goin' to wait till he was lecturin' and then go for him and help him to some tar and feathers.

"—that chap's tongue run so smooth and convincin' that, 'fore the week was over, Desire and me had agreed to put up two thousand dollars"

"I was sorry for the doctor and kind of worried for myself. I wa'n't goin' into the hall, but one of the fellers caught hold of me and made me go in with him. He told me that every door and winder was guarded, so Potank couldn't git away if he tried to.

"Bimeby the assistant come walkin' through the crowd over to where I stood, and says he, kind of casual like:

"'Yer don't s'pose there's any danger of that dynamite explodin' when the folks applaud, do yer?'

"I didn't know about no dynamite, but, 'fore I could answer, the chap I'd come in with says, 'What dynamite's that?'

"'Why,' says the assistant, 'Doctor Potank has been intendin' to blast away that ledge back of the Sanitarium, and he had two hundred pounds of dynamite come down yesterday. It's in his lab'ratory under the stage there. When he comes up to lecture I'll speak to him about it.'

"The other feller didn't say no more, but I see him whisper to the next man, and pretty soon 'twas all over the hall that there was two hundred pound of dynamite under the stage. Everybody looked scary, and one or two got up and went out. While the audience was still whisp'rin' and uneasy the assistant come out on the platform and says:

"'Gentlemen, Doctor Potank is in his lab'ratory, engaged in an important experiment. He wished me to apologize for the delay. He will be here in a few moments.'

"He hadn't no more'n said them words when 'Bang!' somethin' went off on the floor below and smoke commenced to pour up through the cracks of the stage. All hands jumped to their feet. We could hear some one runnin' upstairs like two-forty.

"The next instant Potank bust out on to the stage. His coat was off, his face was all blackened and his shirt-sleeves was in ribbons.

"'Run for your lives!' he yells. 'There's been an accident and the lab'ratory is in flames! The dynamite's liable to explode any instant!'

"Well, don't talk! You'd oughter seen that crowd break for the door! I see some of it. That is, I see them that got out ahead of *me*. 'Twas a race for the front gate. Some was goin' to stop there, but Sears come pantin' by and sings out:

"'Don't stay here! Two hundred pounds of dynamite is enough to blow up the whole town. Run for the hills.'

"We took his advice. Them that was in the hall told them that wa'n't, and in a few minutes the whole population was takin' to the high land. When we got there we faced around and waited for the explosion.

"Well, if we'd kept on waitin' for that we'd have been there yet. The explosion failed to connect, somehow. We stayed on them hills till we heard the ten o'clock train whistle, and then we sent down a committee to investigate.

"That committee didn't find no signs of an explosion and no dynamite. The lab'ratory stove was full of green grass that was still smokin', and there was an empty shotgun on the floor. But there wa'n't no cash nor valuables in the safe, nor no 'celebrated healers' on the premises. All them things had departed on that ten o'clock train, and they ain't been heard from since.

"I don't know who gave the doctor the tip, but some of my neighbors kinder hinted that 'twas me, and we wa'n't so pop'lar in the village as we used to be. Desire and me had saved somethin' out of the business, so I sold the place and come up to New York here to seek my fortune. Don't want to hire a nice, spry, sixty-year-old office boy, do yer?"

DANIEL D. EMMETT, Author of Dixie

By Ingram A. Pyle

AT THE top of a steep hill in the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Daniel D. Emmett, the father of negro minstrelsy in America, is passing away the last days of his eventful life. And sometimes, as the sun sinks away below the horizon, he will sit and tell you of the days of the past; of the first exhibitions of minstrelsy; of early trials and triumphs; of the grotesque phases of minstrelsy in bygone days that portrayed the graver side of slave life. As he speaks you realize that he is telling you of an art that is lost.

Literally speaking, the "minstrel show," as Emmett knew it, has, through a process of deterioration, entirely decayed. Of the band of four stranded musicians who took part in the first exhibition of negro minstrelsy, Mr. Emmett, now eighty-six years of age, is the only one remaining. He was born in the town where he now resides, in 1815, coming of a family of musicians whose reputation is still traditional in the county. Not unnaturally, he showed at an early age an extraordinary talent for music—a talent that was little less than a crude and undeveloped sort of genius. His professional career began in 1836, when he joined a traveling circus company, where it devolved upon him to present daily a short sketch consisting of songs and dances. The songs were of his own composition.

Speaking of the circumstances which led to the establishment of negro minstrelsy, Mr. Emmett—or Uncle Dan, as he is familiarly called at his old home—modestly says:

"Prior to 1842 there were a few men who blacked their faces and sang and danced to the old plantation melody, Jim Crow; consequently they were called Jim Crows. This form of entertainment was originated by one who afterward became a student of negro life and character, Thomas D. Rice. It was this same comedian, Tom Rice, who brought our own Joseph Jefferson on the stage, at a theatre in Washington, D. C., and emptied him out of a bag; thereupon, being dressed as 'a nigger dancer,' in imitation of Rice, he performed the antics of Jim Crow. Perhaps this had some effect upon the minstrelsy of which I am termed the father. In the year 1842, Dick Pelham, Frank Brower, William Whitelock and myself were boarding at a little hotel on the Bowery. For our own amusement we played and rehearsed together. I played the violin and banjo, and had traveled with several circuses as a musician, as had Brower, who played the bones; Pelham had taken part in several amateur performances, and played the tambourine; Whitelock was a printer, and had never appeared in public. In those days the Branch Hotel on the Bowery was the headquarters for show-folk.

"The circus element outnumbered the people of all other branches of amusement. One evening, for a lark, we went as a quartet to the Branch. Nathan Howes, the leading manager of the day, who was then managing the old Amphitheatre on the Bowery, was seated in the room surrounded by a number of others. When we began to tune up the crowd began to 'guy,' as such a combination of instruments had never been seen together. After the first song, an opening chorus, all became quiet. Brower sang a funny song which made them all howl with delight; Whitelock's voice had the same effect; then I sang, after which, for some reason or other, the little room was in an uproar of applause. Howes was charmed; he told us to keep it up. We did—and indirectly the minstrel show of the present day is the result.

"We were at a loss to know what to call our entertainment for advertising purposes. I searched the dictionary and found the word 'minstrel.' The definition of the word, 'a vocalist who accompanies himself on an instrument,' fitted our case, and the troupe was called the Virginia Minstrels. It was the first company that ever bore the name of minstrels. We always aimed to have our humor of the cleanest and the brightest, and our music ever true to the purposes and inspirations of our themes. Our work was a thing of which we were always proud, and our professional duties were zealously performed."

It was during Emmett's engagement with Bryant's Minstrels, in 1858, that he composed the famous song of Dixie, which was the most popular Southern song of the Civil War. Emmett's most cherished possession, aside from his old violin, is the yellow, worn-looking manuscript of that song which has served as a rallying cry in two of the world's greatest wars.

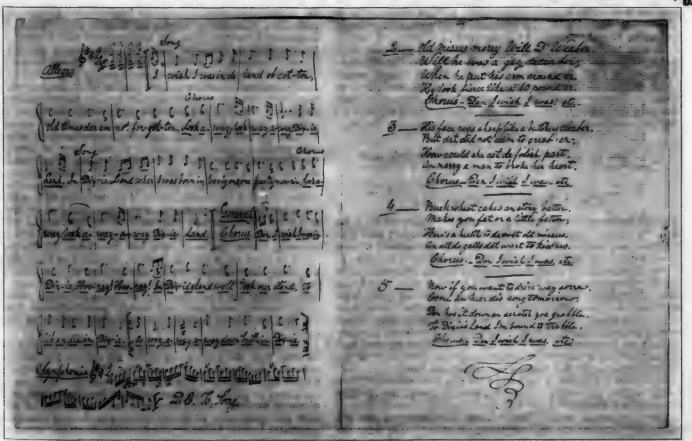
"That's Dixie," he says in plaintive accents, as he holds the time-worn pages before him. "I'm going to give it to some historical society in the South one of these days, for, though I am a native of Ohio, I consider myself a Southerner—my father was a Virginian.

"I wrote Dixie, like most everything else I ever did, because it had to be done. I was leaving Bryant's Theatre, where I was playing, on a certain Saturday night in 1859, when Bryant called me. 'I want a new walk-around for next week, Dan,' he said. The next day it rained and I stayed indoors. At first when I started the song I couldn't accomplish anything. But a line, 'I wish I was in Dixie,' kept repeating itself in my mind. More in despair than with a view to success I took it for a start. The rest came easy. And that's the story of how Dixie was written.

"Dixie Land originally referred to an estate on Manhattan Island owned in the early part of the last century by a man named Dixy. Dixy was an extensive slaveholder until the spread of the anti-slavery sentiment in the North, where the constantly increasing risk which attended the ownership of this kind of property forced him either to sell or move South; and from these slaves or their descendants came the expression Dixie Land, signifying their attachment for their old home and master. The phrase passed into current speech, gradually losing all local reference. A chance allusion by John Randolph to Mason and Dixon's line, in a speech delivered by him in 1820, revived the memory of that famous survey, and in some way Dixie—doubtless from its similarity to Dixon—was given a place in the South, for when I first heard the expression, as a boy, it was from the lips of circus men, who, when caught by a spell of unseasonable weather in the North, were wont to wish they were in Dixie Land.

"Dixie made a hit at once, and before it had been written a week everybody in New York was whistling it. Then the South took it and claimed it for its own. I sold the copyright for five hundred dollars, which was all I ever made from it."

DIXIE'S LAND (1859)



Facsimile of the Original Manuscript in the possession of the Author

The New Dixie

(A Shivering Parody)

OH, DE Blizzard come, en he mek me shiver—
Look so glum dat I crawl ter kiver;
Lawd knows
I froze—
I clean froze up in Dixie!

Den I wish I wuz in Summer—
Hooray!
Hooray!
I wish I wuz in Summertime
Wid des one melon-fence ter climb;
Lawd knows
I froze—
I clean froze up in Dixie!

De Blizzard say: "Ter de lan' I freezin'!"
I wants ter pray, but he got me sneezin';
Lawd knows
I froze—
I clean froze up in Dixie!

Den I wish I wuz in Summer—
Hooray!
Mek way!
I wish I wuz what de blacksnake run—
Fas' asleep in de July sun;
Lawd knows
I froze—
I froze clean up in Dixie!

—*Frank L. Stanton*

XUM

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly.

IN SOUTH AFRICA the British have the rumors but the Boers seem to score more heavily on the facts.

MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS, who "put an end to the war in the Philippines," has been heard from again. Somebody ought to give him an earldom and a garter.

AMERICAN influence is broadening in Europe. Recently a Birmingham concern was inquiring as to where the best American steel could be purchased for the making of pitchforks, coke shovels and similar articles. And now comes the news that a few weeks ago an American bank was organized in Rotterdam with a capital of about eight million dollars, of which over two millions has been paid up in cash. The bank has for its aim "the advancement of American trade;" although this would never be suspected from the name with which it has let itself be baptized—the "Deposito en Administratie Bank."

ONE of the curious and startling developments of modern government is the rapid and almost incredible concentration of power in the hands of the Executive. The hard-fought battles and the strong opinions of a century are being practically forgotten in the new legislation which Congress is considering or granting.

If the idea of giving to the President of the United States the authority to legislate had been proposed to our forefathers, there would have been something akin to riot, and the papers of the land would have been filled with dire prophecies of the fall of Republican institutions. And yet that is exactly what is asked in a report to Congress in regard to the Philippines, and what would be granted in a bill which Senator Spooner introduced, which delegates to the President the authority to legislate in the Philippines when, in his discretion, it shall become necessary.

Our publicists have held for generations that Congress has no authority to delegate the power of legislation to the President or to any other branch of the Government; but it seems to be certain that this will be done in spite of all precedents, and all the ideas which mark our past history.

Take another illustration. Cuba's new constitution, which has more or less been formed under American auspices, ignores entirely the sovereignty of the States, which was for so many years a bitter question in the broader politics of this country. Think of the contests that have been fought over that issue, of the brilliant debates in the press and on the forum, of the marvelous amount of brain, energy and skilled thought that have been expended upon it pro and con! And yet to-day States' Rights seems to be as dead as slavery itself.

We have entered upon a new era; have cut loose from the old channels, and are making boldly for the open seas. It is hard to say where we shall land; but certain it is that the Ship of State is now going full speed under new navigation laws!

Sentiment and the English Crown

"A CROWN," once observed a wise statesman, "rests more securely on sentiment than on the sword." In a very remarkable manner the truth of this has been illustrated by the history of the reign of Victoria. The trend of Western civilization toward democracy has been diverted, if not checked, solely by the power of the sentiment which one woman has aroused, and the English monarchy to-day is, to all appearances, upon a firmer basis than it was when Victoria ascended the throne sixty-four years ago. But now that this remarkable woman is dead, what will happen?

Since the French Revolution there have been questions in the air which embarrass any monarchy to answer. A spirit of fine deference has saved the crown this ordeal in England for half a century, but now that a man is on the throne those questions will surely be asked. For example, if the English are in fact a free people, why continue the form of being ruled by a sovereign claiming Divine right? Why call a ruling people subjects? But there are more serious questions than these.

The Queen has received from the English people annually $1,025,000; the Prince of Wales, $200,000; the Princess of Wales, $50,000; Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, $40,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, $50,000; Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, $30,000 each; the Duke of Cambridge, $60,000; the Duke of Connaught, $125,000; the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, $15,000; the children of the Prince of Wales, $180,000. The Queen has also enjoyed the revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which amount to about a quarter of a million dollars. The total is a little over $3,000,000 a year. More than this, it is customary for Parliament to vote a dowry to the children of the sovereign as they marry. Assuming a dollar to be the average daily wages of the English workingman, why should he give the labor of three millions of days each year, not to support his government, but to maintain a handful of idle and superfluous persons in luxury? The salary of the executive branch of the United States is $50,000 a year. Why should the English, with half the population, pay sixty times as much for the same purpose?

During Victoria's reign it has been felt to be indelicate to harbor such thoughts, much less to voice them. But the Briton, unless his chivalry is aroused, is not noted for his patience or submissiveness when his pocketbook suffers. It is not likely, therefore, that he will look at these facts with less common-sense than at others, once the subject is thrown open to discussion.

What has been the case in England has been even more strikingly illustrated by the spirit of the Colonies. Canada, for example, has been hysterically loyal, more loyal even than Great Britain, but that loyalty has been a personal tribute to the Queen and not a slavish adoration of monarchy. Liberals as well as Conservatives, the good men of all parties, have appreciated the beneficial influence which this clear-headed, clean-hearted woman has worked on the thought and life of her nation; and those whose thoughts and sympathies are democratic have suspended the application of their theories to the situation in point.

It is not too much to say that the whole British Empire has been built up around the Queen. For the Queen, the Six Hundred charged at Balaklava. For "The Widow of Windsor," Tommy Atkins has been campaigning against the Hillmen of India and the Fuzzies of the Soudan. For the Queen, Colonial and Englishman have been fighting shoulder to shoulder in the Transvaal. At every regimental mess, at every public dinner, from Calcutta to London, and from London to Vancouver, where the English flag floats, the toast of the evening, for half a century, has been "The Queen," and the men who drink it have answered "God bless her!" with their hearts.

But though Australian and Canadian, as in the case of the Boer war, have dispensed with considering the merits of the quarrel and have fought cheerfully "for the Queen," it is not certain that they will do the same for his plump and most Christian Majesty, Edward the Seventh.

It will be interesting, therefore, to watch the course of public opinion during the next decade, in Canada and Australia as well as in Great Britain. If the long-arrested spirit of local nationality, the patriotism which springs up in those of English blood for the soil on which they live, does not gain rapid head in the Colonies, it will be contrary to all the precedents of history. —DAVID GRAY.

There is nothing so peaceful in this world as a graveyard.

On a Popular White Lie

HOW much more agreeable it is to say, "I didn't have time to write," than it would be to say, "I didn't feel like writing, and so I neglected it;" and yet the latter is almost always the truth and the former is a convenient white lie.

For of course there is no one so busy but he can make time for the things that he wants to do. I know a man, and know him intimately, who came home one evening and drew caricatures on his wife's blotter for an hour, just because he was in the mood for it, although he was really in duty bound to call on a neighbor. Time flew by and it became too late to call, so he kept on turning out the drollest figures, and when the blotter was full he used up sheet after sheet of his wife's letter paper and had as much fun as a boy.

Next day I happened to hear him say to a friend: "I've been meaning to write to you for over a week, but I really haven't had time."

And the answer was: "Yes, I know how busy you are, old man, and I haven't thought anything about it." But what the friend really thought was: "Well, I guess that if you had been very anxious to write to me you would have found time."

And there was I, who had seen the man scribbling pictures by the hour, and I couldn't help thinking how white lies oiled the wheels of social intercourse. I knew I was white-lying—I mean my friend knew that he was white-lying, and so did the man he was talking to, and yet they parted in good humor; but if I had said (there, the secret's out, so let it go)—if I had said: "I fooled away a whole evening last night, wasting my wife's letter paper with meaningless caricatures, when I might have been using the paper and my time in writing to you, but the drawing was a pleasure and the writing would have been a task," the other fellow would have scowled and said: "Oh, pray never exert yourself on my account. I can get along without your letters if they are not free-will offerings;" and there would have been a distinct diminution of our friendship.

We all know that the busiest people are often the ones who write us inimitable eight-page letters and think nothing of it; but ten chances to one it is not duty that leads them to make the time, but desire.

I know a man who writes volumes of stuff for publication, and clever stuff it is, and he is really one of the most indefatigable and eternally busy men I ever saw, but his communications are like angels' visits, and his excuse is the hackneyed one that he hasn't time. And yet he is able to model in clay for his own amusement and that of his friends, who highly esteem his work in that plastic art.

Once in a month of perfect days we come across a man who makes it his duty to attend religiously to his correspondence, cheating his bed of its occupancy, if necessary, and he never has need of the white lie. And it is well for the world that he needs it not, for this type of man is generally very downright, and if he did not feel it his duty to write he'd make no bones of telling you why he neglected you.

Yes, white lies that are known by both parties to be white lies enable us to shirk our duties delightfully, and the marring of blotters will be followed by the familiar excuse until all the ink wells dry up and there is no more need of letters.
—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

They made fun of "Teddy" Roosevelt for going after lions; but, all the same, he got the lions.

Who are the Conquerors?

BEFORE an attempt is made to answer this query, it will be well to dispose of a very common aspersion upon Americans, namely, that their main idea and test of success is the acquisition of wealth. This oft-made charge has been quite recently denied and refuted by two noted foreigners, one an English statesman and the other a Danish poet. The statesman, Lord Rosebery, told a meeting of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, in January, that Englishmen should rid their minds of the idea that the people of the United States were an aggregation of sordid money-grabbers. The Americans, he told his hearers, worked and strove for money as a means to something higher and better; not to pave the way of a life of ease, but as a means of power; power which is used, if not for the attainment of things ethically desirable, at least for no worse purpose than the making of a great industrial nation.

The testimony of the poet, Holger Drachmann, who has lately visited us, was to the same effect. He has declared in many interviews in the Danish newspapers since his return that it is an absurd affectation for Europeans to charge the Yankees with "being a lot of money-mad egotists without feeling or fine sensibilities," simply because they have discovered that "money is life; poverty is death." He, like Lord Rosebery, finds that the American strives for wealth as a means of power and an expression of the best that is in him. Our attitude toward wealth, he asserts, makes for manliness, while the Continental attitude makes for lassitude. The American millionaire works as long and as hard, if not longer and harder, than his less wealthy countrymen. The Continental millionaire, once his riches are inherited or acquired, ceases to a large extent to be of any value to the community as a producer, an employer, a worker.

We are not, then, an aggregation of "money-mad egotists," but we have, we must admit, very faulty standards of success. The glorification of wealth, so far as it goes in this country, is only a single expression of these faulty standards. We are too prone to think that the Conquerors are only those who achieve fame; we know of no other way of identifying the Conqueror than by the amount of noise he makes in the world. Or, if we know, our actions and attitude are not fashioned according to our knowledge. It is a trite assertion, in which all will promptly agree, that the man who does well his work in any department of life is worthy of respect. It is a tenet of democracy that all men are born equal, and that the sober, conscientious masses, striving upward but shirking nothing along the way, are the backbone of the nation. This is what we claim to believe, but, as has been noted by all clear-sighted students of our democracy, Bryce, Lecky and De Tocqueville, we distrust and belittle the very standards which we have set up to replace those standards of greatness, manhood and worth which obtained among the nations whose social institutions we sought to improve upon.

Let us take care that we do not assert merely with our mouths that the Conqueror is he who does his best in his sphere, however humble it may be. We are in no danger of becoming a nation of Mammon worshipers. But we are in danger of overlooking those unobtrusive virtues, and qualities of moral heroism, which are truly the foundation of the welfare and greatness of every state, which were possessed so generally by our forebears, and which, in them, we so highly esteem, but which now seem to pass unnoticed.
—D. T. PIERCE.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson

He Bought Copper with Lawson's Loan

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston stock-broker, who is building a yacht to compete for the privilege of defending the America's cup, is one of the most discussed persons in Boston financial circles.

The "Copper King" is to-day as full of schemes as he was years ago, before he cut such a figure "on the Street," and when a favorite pastime was dropping incandescent lamp bulbs behind his patrons, who were busily engaged at the ticker, in order to see them jump at the sound of the explosion.

Mr. Lawson is a generous man, and before he so hedged himself about that personal communication with him became practically impossible, he was the easy victim of men with hard-luck stories. He tells with considerable relish of his experience with a Montana man who became stranded in Boston and applied to him for a loan. He wanted to get home, he said, and once there could easily recoup his losses.

Mr. Lawson remembered the time when he had needed friends himself, and therefore sent his clerk with the man to purchase a ticket for Helena. He also gave the man twenty dollars for incidental expenses.

Less than a week later Mr. Lawson met the Montana man in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer, where the victim of hard luck was ordering lavishly from the steward for a group of men by whom he was surrounded.

"Hello," said Mr. Lawson; "I thought you were going back to Montana."

"So I am," replied the Montana man, "by way of Europe and Asia."

"And so you were simply 'working me' last week?" said the Boston man.

"Not at all, Mr. Lawson," was the reply, "but I thought the matter over, sold my railroad ticket to a scalper, and put the proceeds into a flyer in one of your coppers and pulled out quite a pile."

He offered to repay Mr. Lawson the money advanced, but the offer was declined.

Major Sweet an Honorary Father

An army officer possesses the unique honor of having been appointed the "father" of a Mohammedan prince. Two years ago such a thing, if predicted, would have been regarded as the result of a very vivid imagination, but our extension of military rule to some peculiar parts of the world has made the incident not so startling as it might be, although it is sufficiently notable. The officer is Major O. J. Sweet, Twenty-third Infantry, who is the Governor of the interesting province of Sulu. In his mail recently was this letter from a native source. The text of the letter was, translated, as follows:

> This letter comes from your sister the Sultana Inchy Pamela to my brother, Major Sweet, the Governor of Piange.
>
> This is to inform you that I am going to Limana to follow up your son Attick, to enable him to see his fiancée. It is necessary that I should be there before he is allowed to see her. I am letting you know this, as it is possible that I may not be able to return soon. The ceremony of asking a girl in marriage generally takes a long time, as it is never certain whether the party will be accepted or not. I beg you to watch over your son, the Sultan, and over your grandchildren and mine.
>
> Don't listen to any ill reports that you may hear, but first inquire of me or the Sultan whether they be true or not. People nowadays delight in making mischief and in creating enmity between the higher people as well as the lower classes; therefore it is always best to make inquiries on both sides as to the truth of these reports. I beg you to do this. Greetings and best wishes to you.
>
> Eleventh day of Rajah, 1318.

There is a situation back of this letter which should not be lost in the War Department archives. The writer of the letter is the Sultana-mother and a great friend of Major Sweet, to whom she is of material assistance in his administration of Mohammedan affairs, principally through the good will she has for the American Governor and the influence she has with her subjects, almost all of whom esteem and accept her counsel. She calls Major Sweet "Father" and "Brother," according to the transient inspiration.

The son, Attick, is twenty years of age and the second heir to the sultanate. "Attick" is a nickname which is not relished by its bearer, whose real name is Datto Mahamad Aurural Umrak. He early evinced a fondness for Major Sweet, whom in turn he impressed by his natural brightness and amiable disposition.

The young prince soon grew to respect the American Governor and to appreciate the interest which was taken in him. He expressed a desire to become Major Sweet's son and promised to be faithful and obedient as toward a father. Major Sweet agreed to the proposition, and he and the prince exchanged documents to show that the officer accepted the honorary responsibility of "father" to the prince, according to Mohammedan custom of blood friendship. Among the first bits of fatherly advice given and taken was that young Attick should give up the opium-smoking habit.

Recently Major Sweet had occasion to visit a neighboring province on the Government steamer, and he invited with him on that occasion his protégé. In the course of the trip the prince took Major Sweet aside and expressed a wish to confide a secret to him. He said that he had a sweetheart in Limana and that he would be grateful for permission to visit her. Major Sweet was curious enough to inquire as to the plans of the young prince, as he already possessed the four wives allowed by his religion. Attick explained that it was his purpose, some day, to have the new wife care for the others in his house. This incident explains the text of the Sultana's letter. The officers at Jolo, the headquarters of Major Sweet, describe the Sultana as an agreeable, refined and charming Oriental diplomat. Her personal appearance is said to be attractive, uniting a rare combination of Oriental elegance and modern grace. She would be, it is said, in bearing and appearance, a credit to a New York drawing-room.

Secretary Gage's Advice to a Borrower

Secretary Gage is a benevolent-looking person, with a pleasant mode of speech and a genial manner. But confidence operators who trade too far on these appearances and attempt to impose upon his good nature soon find that there is a pretty solid stratum of worldly wisdom beneath his gracious exterior.

The other day, as he was returning from a Cabinet meeting, he was warmly greeted near the door of the Treasury by a well-dressed man of middle age. Mr. Gage, assuming at a first glance that the stranger was one of the multitude he has met in Washington, and whose names he cannot hope to remember, returned the salutation and shook the hand held out to him.

"I trust you will pardon me, Mr. Secretary," the man began, "but I represent a London illustrated newspaper which has commissioned me to obtain a set of photographs of your country seat. Have you any objection to my taking a few views there?"

"None in the world," answered the Secretary amiably, "if you will tell me where my country seat is. I never knew I had one."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, "I must have been misinformed. Then, would you consent to my taking some pictures of the interior of your mansion in Washington?"

"With all the pleasure in life, if there were any house in the city that I could call my own. I live in a rented dwelling, and my landlord has notified me that I must get out of that in a few weeks."

In spite of his air of assurance, the stranger began to look embarrassed. Drawing a trifle nearer to Mr. Gage, and dropping his voice several degrees, he said:

"The fact is, Mr. Secretary, I am a little short of funds this morning. There are two leading publishers in England who are owing me money, and I thought possibly that you, as a banker and business man, could advise me how to proceed."

"I should think your best plan would be to draw on your debtors."

"Quite so. But, you see, it costs a good deal to send the advices by cable."

"That is true. Under the circumstances you had better send your messages 'collect.'"

"Of course, of course." By this time the insinuating stranger was beginning to mop his brow. "There again, however, I am confronted by a little difficulty. The cable company has refused to send both dispatches 'collect.'"

"Has it?" asked the Secretary with a look of real concern. "Well, then, my friend, it seems to me that you are reduced to a single course of conduct. Send one dispatch 'collect,' and get your money from that; out of the proceeds you can prepay the other."

And with a bow and a smile Mr. Gage disappeared through the swinging doors of the Treasury building.

To Settle Up Before Settling Down

Before retiring from Congress Private John M. Allen, the famous wit, dropped a number of bright things, and among them was the following:

"Most statesmen like to make a fortune and settle down. There is where I differ from them. I want to make my pile and settle up."

PHOTO. BY BIRCH, CHICAGO

Mr. Ashbel B. Newell

A Youthful Railway Superintendent

Mr. Ashbel B. Newell is a "college man" in the broadest sense of the term. Mention Yale and the Class of 1890 and you command the instant attention of the Superintendent of the Western Division of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

There may be division superintendents younger than Mr. Newell, but if there are they are under thirty-two—and, even if there are, it is doubtful if any of them are charged with responsibilities such as his. His appointment to this post came to him when he was only twenty-four. That was at the beginning of "World's Fair Year," when big problems connected with the traffic of the Exposition came up almost daily.

The situation which he faced was a formidable one. The division placed under his control is rated among railroad men as very important; the road was entering upon its year of heaviest traffic, and he was a youth in years. One factor that strongly helped to fit him for his important duties was an available element of physical strength; and an important feature of his preparation was a year spent in a close, first-hand study of "how things are done at the top."

Among railroad men, Mr. John Newell was often spoken of as "the president who lives on the road." The major part of his work was done in his private car, and he reduced the workings of a "traveling office" to a science. As soon as young Newell left college his father invited him to spend one year as his guest "on the road." The father and son spent four days a week together in the president's car, flitting from one end of the line to the other and making visiting trips over other roads. To a young man just out of college this kind of occupation could not appear arduous. On the other hand, it was far removed from idleness, and there was every opportunity to gain insight into the methods of the management. In that year President Newell and his son covered more than 60,000 miles in the president's private car, and the young man was taken into his father's confidence to an extent which enabled him to get a comprehensive idea of how a great railway system is managed. In all probability no young man ever entered the railway service with so broad, intimate and practical a knowledge of how the big problems of railroading are solved as Mr. Ashbel Newell possessed when his twelve months with his father were completed and he became assistant train master at Youngstown, Ohio.

His experience at his father's elbow had done more than afford him a means of analyzing orders and arriving at their whys and wherefores; it had also given him an invaluable acquaintance with a wide circle of prominent railroad men. Although his first position placed in his hands the general movement of traffic over an entire division, his preparation had been so excellent that the task was an easy one. Soon he was given larger responsibilities, and in 1892 took charge of the Jamestown and Franklin Division of the line.

So well did he meet the test that, in February of 1893, he was appointed superintendent of the Western Division, which extends from Chicago to Elkhart, Indiana. Then came the severe and exacting period when railway traffic into Chicago reached its highest point.

Next came the great railway strike, and it brought to the young superintendent a phase of railroading which had in it an element of excitement, peril and activity. With picked crews he went repeatedly into yards which were in the hands of the strikers and personally assisted in making up and moving trains. Here his athletic stature and training stood him in good stead; but the quality of greatest service in critical situations was cool, clear-headed judgment.

Mr. Newell takes his work easily and gives an observer the impression that it is more of an interesting recreation than a burdensome task. His popularity among his associates in the service is largely due to his directness and simplicity of manner. He is accessible to all comers; and his subordinates, no matter how humble their position in the service, know that they will never be denied a fair hearing at the office of their superintendent.

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"Publick Occurrences"

The Government's Daily Papers

Congress has its Congressional Record, which is published daily when the Senate and House are in session. Most of the Departments prepare bulletins, which are issued daily in certain periods of the year.

The Department of State has its Advance Sheets of Consular Reports, which, to quote from the preface, are "issued daily, except Sundays and legal holidays, by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, Department of State." It is the most regular publication, from year's end to year's end, of the Government. What it gives are the latest reports from the United States Consuls in every part of the world.

Take, for instance, a late issue. It contained five articles, sent in by Consuls in regard to the following subjects: Artificial Coal in Germany, Foreign Carpets in Turkey, Syrian Textile Imports, Hints to Exporters of Woolen Goods, Spanish South American Steamship Service.

The consular reports are available, free of charge, to any citizen of the United States. It is a new departure. Until recently, reports from the consular service of every country were held back for months, and sometimes for years, before they became accessible to the general public.

The fact that the United States has led in the prompt publication of its foreign industrial and commercial news must be attributed to the presence in the State Department of trained newspaper men, who appreciate the importance of getting information to the public before it has lost its usefulness.

Honorable John Hay, the present Secretary of State, and Mr. Frederic Emory, the Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, which issues the Government's daily periodical, are both experienced journalists.

Praise from Secretary Hay

In a recent letter to the President, Secretary Hay wrote: "While a variety of propositions have been under discussion for the improvement of the consular service, the service has to a very considerable extent improved itself;" and he went on to say that the celerity with which the information collected by the Consuls has been given to the public has excited the emulation of foreign Governments, and that both Great Britain and Germany will soon follow this country's example.

In describing the situation in this manner Secretary Hay shows himself to be a thorough diplomatist. The truth of the matter is, that in spite of the drawbacks of the present system, in spite of the lack of proper encouragement, our Consuls have been able to do something, and that the State Department has had the enterprise to lay their work promptly before the public.

A System Thirty Years Old

The consular system itself has not improved. It is based upon the conditions and circumstances of thirty years ago. Since that time the relative rank of the ports of the various countries has vastly changed; but our consular system remains the same. There are several instances in which a Consul, with one-fourth the work, is drawing double the pay of some other Consul.

At one important port the American Consul performs the functions of judge and of postmaster, has charge of the jail, pays the rent for his house and the hire of his carriage; and still gets less than one-half the salary of the British Consul at the same port, who has a judge, a postmaster and a jailer, and whose house and carriage are furnished him free, in addition to which he is given a fund for entertainment. This is an extreme case, of course, but it illustrates why our consular representatives abroad have generally to be second to those of other countries. A gentleman who recently returned from a trip around the world tells the story of a Consul who declared: "If it were not for playing the baby act I'd pull out and go back home."

Some of our consulates, where the pay is small and the expenses are large, do not even possess the directories of the cities in which they are located, and it is no wonder that Bishop Potter, in a recent address, explained that when he was going around the world he sought out the office of an American corporation, in preference to the American Consulate, because he knew he should there obtain better information about the place he was visiting.

But why should we blame the Consul? Some of them have sent requisitions for city directories, only to receive the reply that there was no fund for that purpose!

The Spoils of the Senators

How is it possible to have good Consuls so long as these places are controlled by practical politics? The biggest sweep ever known was four years ago; and very probably we shall see more changes within the next few months. The reason is not hard to find. The United States Senators claim the consulships as a part of their share of the spoils of office, so that, no matter how good or how faithful or how useful a Consul may be, his fate is subject to the whim of a United States Senator.

One of the best Consuls we have abroad appealed, within the past few weeks, to friends in this country to protect him; but their reply was that they could do nothing because there had been a change of Senators in his State, and that the new Senator had determined to put some one in his place.

In Washington, precedents count heavily; so that it would not be fair to put all the blame on President McKinley for such affairs. He is simply the agent who carries out the commands of the statesmen of the upper branch of Congress.

Better Consuls than We Deserve

Considering the circumstances, the United States probably has a better set of Consuls than it deserves. Some of them are sent to foreign ports because they are not wanted in the United States. Many of them have absolutely no idea of the people or the trade or the institutions of the places to which they are sent, and some never make an effort to find out. At best, a good man requires at least two years to get an understanding of the situation; and then, after two years of service, he is probably recalled, to be replaced by some one else who has to go through the same experience.

In addition to all this a Consul often has to appoint consular agents, who are generally British or German business men, who probably perform faithfully the official part of their work, but who have no sentiment for the United States.

In fact, the whole system is so absolutely wrong, so opposed to all that is sensible and expedient, that we have to marvel at the folly of a nation which claims to lead in the progress of the world.

With these drawbacks, therefore, the fact that so much has been done is the finest sort of tribute to the good men in the service who have risen above circumstances.

The Real Need of Good Consuls

There never was a time when good Consuls were so necessary to the country as to-day. The United States is conquering the markets of the world. It leads in trade, wealth and industry, and its vital interests require, at every foreign competitive point, alert, experienced and progressive agents. But it cannot get them under a spoils system that does nothing whatever to encourage efficiency. There are bills before Congress; but they have no effect upon some of our statesmen, who cling to all the spoils possible, whether the public interests suffer or not.

The Efforts of the Colleges

It was hoped that something might be done by the various courses in commerce, diplomacy and international law which were begun in several of the universities within the past two years. These plans contemplated a thorough education in diplomacy and foreign relations, constitutional law, political economy, practical finance and foreign exchange, racial traits and distribution, economic resources, international law, public finances, money in banking, colonization, sociology, and all the various things that enter into the equipment of a foreign representative of a great government.

The general interest in these departments seemed to be great, and thousands of columns were printed about them. Yet it is sad to state that they have attracted only a few dozen hopeful young men. One great university which started this special course reported to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, only a few days ago, that the sum total of the students who had entered was three.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

Tempestuous Love and Action

Romance and realism are welded strangely together in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's latest story, Richard Yea and Nay *(The Macmillan Company)*, which has Cœur-de-Lion for a hero, and Jehane Saint-Pol—"Jehane of the Fair Girdle"—for a heroine. Alternately charmed and disgusted, attracted and repelled, the reader moves feverishly through the tumultuous scenes, unable to look coolly or clearly or mirthfully upon any one of them.

There is something akin to George Meredith's art in this elaborate handling of word and phrase, so that each is strained beyond its legitimate expression. Richard plays—though in no débonnaire fashion—the part of Young Lochinvar, snatching a bride from the very altar steps, and this is how the deed is told.

"It was done in a flash. From his crouched attitude he went, as it seemed, at one bound. That same shock drove Gilles de Gurdun back among his people, and the same found Jehane caged in a hoop of steel. So he affronting and she caught up stood together for a moment. With one mailed hand he held her fast under the armpit, with the other he held a fidgety sword. His hand was thrown back; through glimmering eyelids he watched them—as one who says, What next?—breathing short through his nose. It was the attitude of the snatching lion, sudden, arrogant, shockingly swift; a gross deed done in a flash which was its wonderful beauty."

When a stout volume is written entirely in this manner, and each incident takes longer in the telling—as Cæsar was wont to complain—than in the doing, it is not followed to its final chapter without effort and attention on the reader's part. Occasionally there is a sentence against which good taste and good feeling revolt, as when the old King Henry, for whom no one ever appears to have a kindly word, is described as "munching the ashes of charred pleasure"—a phrase equally unforgetable and unforgivable.

It must be admitted, however, that the discomforts of love were never more vividly presented. Jehane "loved uneasily, by hot and cold fits," and in each of these alternate moods she is a torment to herself, and not great comfort to others. The gusty passions that sweep through every chapter of the book make us feel as though we were struggling with a whirlwind; yet surely life had its tranquil pleasures in those far-off days when men's emotions were simpler, their faith keener, their horizon narrower than now. There must have been pauses for play, though no echo of laughter rings through Mr. Hewlett's pages. Tillers of the soil, beefed, ignorant and content; stout soldiers starting off with equal gayety to despoil France or to redeem Jerusalem—these sons of England had their merry moods, their lovable virtues, their homely wisdom—they were not always aflame with smoldering love and hate. The surpassing cynicism of the tale is its frank assertion that the tranquillity denied to Christian firesides might be found in the Moslem harem. Jehane, whose affection for Richard consumes her like a fever, bringing her nothing but anguish of mind and soul, becomes the most placid, dutiful and apparently contented of wives when she is forced to wed a villainous old Turk, lord of the Assassins of Musse. Orientals have always claimed that their methods of dealing with women were wiser than the methods of Europe.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

A Train Saved by Forgetfulness

Of the little group of American short story writers who have made substantial reputations in delineating the exciting experiences of railroad life, one of the most convincing is Mr. Alvah Milton Kerr. His mastery of the phases of railroading life is accounted for by the fact that he became a telegraph operator when only a boy in years. As a frontier station agent, train dispatcher, claim agent, and in other responsible positions, he became familiar with almost every branch of railroad service. He is never more forceful than when depicting the sufferings of the train dispatcher who suddenly realizes that he has made a mistake that may involve the death of scores of persons. Perhaps an experience which befell Mr. Kerr in the last year of his teens revealed to him the possibilities of this situation as the feature of a story.

He was night operator at a small station in Northern Missouri. One stormy summer night a passenger train was late, owing to high water, and he received an order from the dispatcher to "hold her" for orders. The dispatcher, on the strength of the order given to Mr. Kerr, gave a freight train an order to run to the young operator's station. In the confusion of selling tickets, checking baggage, and trying to keep the telegraph instruments adjusted (for lightning was affecting the wires), the telegrapher forgot to turn his train signal. The passenger train came in a little earlier than was expected and, not receiving any holding order, at once started to pull out. Its rear lights were not a hundred feet from the station when the detaining order suddenly flashed into the mind of young Kerr. He leaped up from the operator's table and darted out after the passenger train. He had a wild notion that he could overtake it, swing upon the rear steps, seize the bell cord and give the signal to stop. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and he had not run twenty yards when, with a terrible crash, lightning struck the telegraph wires just ahead of the engine. Six or eight telegraph poles were shattered by the electricity seeking the ground.

The engineer, who was leaning from the cab window when the bolt fell, was knocked senseless. Instantly the terrified young operator realized that the train had stopped. A second glance showed him that the station was on fire. The fireman of the engine, after bringing the train to a halt, reversed and backed to the station, and a sharp fight on the part of the train crew and passengers extinguished the flames. Then it was found that the lightning had shattered the table on which the instruments stood!

Although the young operator was discharged for forgetting the dispatcher's order he took his dismissal with remarkable cheerfulness, well knowing that, had he not made the slip, he would have been at the table instead of pursuing the train and would have been killed by the lightning bolt which fired the station.

The Un-English Mr. Harland

Mr. Henry Harland's success with The Cardinal's Snuff-box is surprising and welcome. You would not, if you met him, suspect him of being able to catch the Anglo-Saxon taste. He is so absolutely un-English. In his flat in the Cromwell Road, the only road in London that never ends, I have seen him so often standing and arguing with cynical fury against all laws, and with the vigorous gesture which betokens the Celt. Indeed, French and Italian are as familiar to him as English, and infect his style. But now the flat is empty. Flushed with financial success Mr. Harland is wintering in Florence—Onida's "Winter City"—and entertaining the leaders of the church. For Mr. Harland has lately joined the Catholic church. I do not know whether this was the cause or the effect of the Cardinal and his snuff-box. But a comparison of dates leads to the conjecture that it was the effect.

A Tribute to Mrs. Steel

There are many people who maintain that no living writer, not even excepting Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has a more intimate knowledge of India and its peoples than Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, and that while On the Face of the Waters, Voices of the Night, and now The Hosts of the Lord, are good as novels, they are still better as interpretations of the subtle spirit of the East.

Before its publication in book form, The Hosts of the Lord ran serially in the Pall Mall Magazine. There is a story that soon after the first installment appeared a good deal of anxiety obtained in high places as to how much Mrs. Steel knew, and what she might or might not say, on the subject of another possible mutiny.

Such uneasiness seems a little absurd when it is remembered that Lord Frederick Hamilton, who was at that time editor of the Pall Mall Magazine, is a brother of Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, but it is a tribute to Mrs. Steel which is well worth recording.

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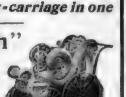

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The Last Days of General Grant

By His Physician, Dr. George F. Shrady

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THE writing of his Memoirs occupied most of General Grant's working hours. He was intently absorbed in this task, and after he realized how imminent death was he worried almost incessantly lest he should be unable to complete the work. In the world's history there is no finer spectacle than Grant's devotion to this task. Holding death at bay with one hand, defying pain and suffering such as few have ever known, he persevered steadily and grimly, in order that the fruits might assure a competence to his wife and family after he was gone. The courage required for this work was of an order so high that its mere contemplation must stun the ordinary man. Some day, I hope, a genius will arise who can do justice to this wonderful achievement. Unfortunately my pen is not equal to the task.

While his voice lasted the General dictated much of the matter for his Memoirs, but he seemed, on the whole, to work more easily at his desk. He had always at hand an ordinary pad of yellow scribbling paper on which he wrote alternately with pen and pencil. The pencil he used was generally short and octagonal in shape. His pen stock was an ordinary, long gutta-percha affair, in which he used a falcon pen. It was the same pen with which he signed the Marshall portrait to which reference was made in the first of these papers. When he had finished his work he presented this pen to me, saying:

"Doctor, you may keep that as a souvenir."

His Slow and Careful Writing

The General was not a rapid writer, and he composed slowly, but after he finished a sentence he scarcely ever erased or corrected it. He seemed to work out in his mind, in advance, exactly what he wished to say, and then always tried to put it in the fewest possible words. He was fearful of being too technical in his descriptions of battles, and always aimed to have the people understand what he wrote. Sometimes, to assure himself on this point, he would read over to us in his sick-room what he had written, and add:

"Is that plain to you?"

Usually it was perfectly plain, and I recall few instances where he thought it necessary to change his sentences. As he had always looked at things from the standpoint of the military man, I think this was very remarkable, as showing the readiness of his mind.

In writing, the General held his pen or pencil freely between the thumb and the first and second fingers, resting his hand on the little finger. His hand was small and well shaped, and, as it moved over the paper, it made a picture that would have fascinated a sculptor.

Despite his low physical condition, he would work sometimes for hours with little, if any, rest. When he read his writing to us there would frequently be some interesting side remarks interjected by way of comment, or there would be statements in response to questions called out by what he had written. In some such manner he once gave his opinion of Napoleon.

"Napoleon," he said, "was a great soldier; one of the greatest the world has ever seen. But I do not like the way he behaved toward Josephine. He acted meanly. It is a blot on his character that none of his achievements, however great, can wipe out."

In the same way he gave his opinion of some of his generals. He was especially fond of Sherman and Sheridan. "They were," he said, "the finest soldiers that ever fought on any field."

He often spoke of Sheridan's dashing qualities with warm praise. He had the greatest confidence in Sherman's judgment, and while he wrote his Memoirs, Sherman's book on the war was constantly at his side.

His Anecdote of President Lincoln

When he was in the mood he was fond of reciting anecdotes of his intercourse with Lincoln. Usually he would tell these with fine dramatic effect, instinctively imitating Lincoln's position and gestures. I remember that one of these anecdotes bore on a conference he had with Lincoln in connection with a request made by Governor Smith, of Virginia. The Governor, after the defeat of Lee's army, had asked that he and a few other active Southerners be permitted to leave the country without hindrance. This request was laid before Grant in a letter addressed to him by Governor Smith. The letter reached Army Headquarters at a time when the General was in Washington. It was forwarded by telegraph, and he read it to Mr. Lincoln. The President, evidently thinking that Grant wanted the Executive authority in the matter, told one of his characteristic stories. The hero of this story was an Irishman who had, under the persuasion of his friends, "sworn off." He stood the water diet as long as he could, but the test was rather wearing. So he called on his doctor and told him of his troubles, and then, taking a tumbler and holding it right side up behind his back, said:

"You might fill this with water, doctor, and if ye put a little whiskey in it at the same time, without my knowing it, perhaps it wouldn't do any harm."

The point was, of course, that if General Grant chose to permit Governor Smith and the others to get away without letting Lincoln know anything about it, "it wouldn't do any harm."

Grant enjoyed this incident very much, and as he told it to us he imitated Lincoln's manner, even to the extent of putting his leg on a chair and holding his hand with the suppositious whiskey glass in it behind his back, as the President had done.

It was charming to see the modesty that characterized the famous soldier when he related incidents connected with his battles and campaigns. He always put himself in the background. It was never "I did this," or "I did that." So far as the listener could judge, Grant was always the most unimportant personage in any of the events brought up for discussion. Some of the events that will always figure among the greatest in our history centred about his person, but he related them in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, as though they were trifling incidents.

With those who had gained his confidence he was always cordial, frank and earnest. Underlying every word and act, however, there was such an instinctive deference to the opinions of others that it was difficult to realize his real greatness. It was always necessary for the listener to remind himself that the speaker was the principal actor in the scene he was describing.

His Opinion of General Robert E. Lee

The subject of the surrender of Appomattox was taken up, one day, and I asked him whether or not he received General Lee's sword, as had been stated.

"No, I did not," was his answer. "General Badeau's history gives the full and correct account."

"How did General Lee impress you?"

"Very highly," he replied. "When I met the General he was in full new uniform, and appeared so well dressed that I felt a little out of place in my ordinary field suit."

This was the general tone of his comment. Always the other man; always the fine, impressive appearance of the other man, and the remarkable things the other man did. He would allude to his greatest battles with no more show of personal pride than as if they were the merest records in an ordinary diary. It was this same modesty that made him appreciate so thoroughly the sympathetic interest of the people in his sickness. He was always ready to meet this spirit of interest half way and had, apparently, no appreciation of the honor and favor he was bestowing. As an illustration of this, I remember the case of a boy, a son of Dr. T. Munson Coan, of New York. The little chap was about twelve or thirteen years old, and both he and his father were extremely anxious that the boy should see General Grant and shake hands with him, so that in after years he could say that he had spoken to the greatest soldier of the age. The doctor came to me about the matter, and I told him that I would see if a meeting could be arranged. That evening I spoke to the General about it, and he replied:

"Certainly; bring the little fellow up."

The next day Master Coan put in an appearance bright and early. He was shown

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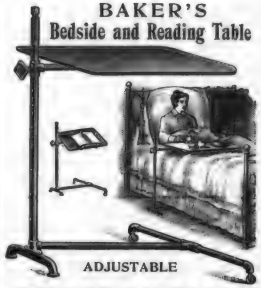
Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 16.

BAKER'S Bedside and Reading Table



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upstairs and was greeted by the General as courteously and deferentially as if he were one of the great men of the time. Sick as he was, the distinguished invalid arose from his chair and walked nearly half way across the room to meet the boy. He shook his hand heartily, saying:

"I am glad to see you, my little man."

The boy was evidently overawed and bereft of all power of speech. He simply stood and stared dumbly at the kindly face that was bent over him. The General was as much embarrassed as the boy himself by this silent, absorbed admiration, and he tried to help matters along toward an easier acquaintance by patting the lad on the head and asking him:

"Well, what are you going to be, my son, when you are grown up?"

No answer.

"You are not going to be a soldier, are you? I shouldn't. All the soldier can do is to kill. He is good for nothing else. It is much nobler to save life than to take it. You had better be a physician, like the doctor here, and help people when they suffer."

The boy answered never a word and the General was becoming more and more embarrassed every moment. He looked very much relieved when, in order to ease the strain, I broke in with a suggestion that the little fellow would probably have to get back home. But the parting was as kindly as had been the greeting, and, taking the boy's hand, the General gave it a gentle squeeze, as he said:

"Come and see me again, my little man."

Observance of Delicate Niceties

General Grant was never too sick to observe all the niceties of life. He had several times asked me to bring in a young girl in whom he took an interest. She was only about sixteen years old, but when she arrived he treated her with all the chivalry that could have been exacted by the most fastidious woman of mature age. He was attired, when she was announced, in a dressing-gown and was sitting in his bedroom, resting. "Just a moment, till I put on a coat," he said to me.

"Why, nonsense, General," I protested. "She is only a child. See her just as you are." But he would not listen to this for a moment, and insisted upon taking off his dressing-gown and putting on his coat before receiving her.

There was only one class of people with whom Grant was at all brusque, and that was those who fawned on him. They always filled him with disgust, and he lost no time in letting his servile visitors see how he disliked toadying. Always unaffected himself, he liked a free and frank-spoken man or woman beyond anything.

His training as a soldier manifested itself in a thousand and one little things that came up in his daily life. Out of this training grew the drawing of what I have always looked upon as the last "battle-map" of his life. It was along toward the end, at Mt. McGregor, when all knew that his taking off had become only a question of days. He himself was as fully aware of this as the rest of us, though we had not spoken to him about it.

I was living at that time in my country house near Kingston, New York, and could only get up to see him two or three times a week, and as his condition was such that an emergency call might come at any time, he desired to know how long it would take me to travel to Mt. McGregor. I figured it out, but somehow my calculations were not exact enough to suit him. So, taking up the yellow pad that was always beside him, he drew a map of the route I should have to travel. First, he indicated my house, then the station, then the railway to Albany, then the trip across the river, and then the route to Saratoga and Mt. McGregor. He did this with as much interest as if he were laying out the plan for an important engagement. So intent did he become that he drew on a larger scale than the size of his paper permitted. He was considerably astonished to find himself over the edge of the pad before he had fairly gotten me out of Albany. But he was equal to the occasion, and, calling for a pin, he attached another leaf from the pad and continued his drawing on the new sheet.

His Final Attack and His Death

Soon enough, sooner even than we had expected, I received the call to travel over the route he had traced. It was on July 22, 1885. Unfortunately, I had been called that day to New York, and a telegram sent to me had to be forwarded to my city house. This caused several hours' delay, but, thanks to close connections, I managed to reach Mt. McGregor in time. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I got to the cottage. The General was sitting in his room.

The end was coming fast. The General's eyes were closed and he was almost in a comatose condition, but he roused himself and feebly extended his hand to me in welcome greeting. It was one of the most saddening and pathetic incidents of his sickness. Denied even the poor boon of speech for a farewell message, he was as patient and resigned and uncomplaining as he had ever been. A short time after my arrival there was a total collapse, and he was carried gently from the chair which he had so continuously occupied day and night for months to his bed. At eight o'clock the next morning he passed away.

Happily, in spite of his anxiety and suffering, his final sleep came to him as soothingly and quietly as he had wished.

The Life of Henry George

IT IS but natural that when a son undertakes to tell his father's story he should want to tell it all, and that he should make a big book out of material that might easily have been compressed into a little one. Mr. Henry George, Jr., is no exception to this rule. He has written a very bulky biography of the socialistic leader whose name and fame were so widely known ten years ago over the English-speaking world. He begins with early class-days, with infant church-going, with the recollections of reverend gentlemen who sat by little Henry's side in Sunday-school, and heard him recite his catechism; and he omits no detail of that hard-working life until the end is reached and the long day's labor is over. *(The Life of Henry George; by Henry George, Jr.: The Doubleday & McClure Company.)*

Such a life as it appears to have been—so varied, so strenuous, so full of hardships and disappointments! The founder of the Anti-Poverty Association had a wide and comprehensive acquaintance with the four-thousand-year-old evil which he proposed to banish from the earth. He labored from childhood continuously, energetically, hopefully, and with that peculiar barrenness of result—or of what Benjamin Franklin would have called result—which distinguishes the unceasing efforts of some industrious men. As errand-boy, as ship-boy, as typesetter, as able seaman, as peddler, journalist, farm hand, gas-meter man, lecturer and political agitator, he toiled from the age of fourteen to fifty-eight, and was most of that time inconveniently, not to say distressingly, poor. "What a curious life mine is," he writes at forty-three; "literally from hand to mouth, and yet always a way seems to open."

It was a narrow way financially, it was broad with many interests. Mr. George saw much of the world and much of the men who walk on it. He crossed and re-crossed the continent, he crossed and re-crossed the sea. Every chapter of the biography finds him in a new place and following a fresh avocation. He was at home in San Francisco, New York and London. When absolutely penniless in California he did what most American men do under such circumstances—he married an equally penniless girl, and started blithely to bring up a young family upon nothing. He had the courage of his convictions, and his convictions were of an all-embracing, all-pervading character. He was equally ready to remonstrate with a Wall Street magnate or with the Church of Rome. He berated the Duke of Argyll, and he addressed an open letter to the Vatican. The Duke and the Pope were equally silent under the assaults; but other opponents retaliated with fervor, and the clamor of combat lent exhilaration to his days. Of his sincerity no man doubted; in his theories many men believed. Forty thousand six-penny copies of Progress and Poverty were sold in England within two years. The land-tax scheme was rapturously welcomed by landless people. The Anti-Poverty Association carried in its name an "open sesame" to many sanguine souls. Mr. George was only fifty-eight years old when he died, worn out, it is said, by the stress and strain of work; and if things run on pretty much in their old appointed grooves, if taxes increase and multiply, and poverty dwells in our midst, the memory of this earnest and hopeful agitator is deeply cherished by his friends, and is not without honor in the land.

—Agnes Repplier.

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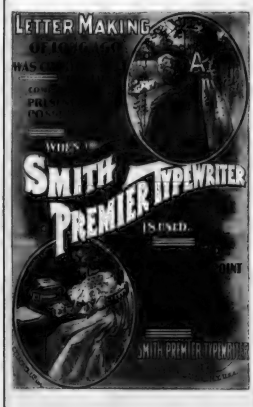

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT MUST have been some mumbling old sage with the slow-coursing blood of a Methuselah in his veins who could characterize joy as "a serene and sober motion." He certainly could never have known what he was talking about, or else he had never had anybody elected to the United States Senate. I had been feeling of late that I had perhaps parted company forever with Happiness, that "shy nymph whom if we chase we never catch," for I had been chasing Happiness and she had eluded me at every turn until I caught up with her at last on the day that I had a telegram from Spruce City signed by Robert. The text of that telegram was long and to the point. It read:

"Nominated in caucus to-night on first ballot by safe majority. Nomination made unanimous. Accepted in brief speech. Formal vote Tuesday in each branch and in joint session Wednesday. Election assured."

For the next day or two I went about on my social rounds with a lightness of heart I had not felt for many a day. I could have coped even with Mr. X——, but for some reason he had not crossed my path since Senator P—— had taken him in tow at the Capitol. Then finally, when Tuesday came around, I went about all day trying to school myself with the Stoic idea that in reality "the virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize," but at night, when Robert's telegram came, announcing the prize, I concluded that the virtue is the prize after all. Robert was elected that day, by both branches of the Legislature, by an easy vote.

As I turned over the telegram I felt like the poor breathless man who had run nearly the whole of his way after a street car. I could stop running and sit down at last, even if I were to ride but a block.

The next night I was dining out at a certain gay official's house. I found myself quite a belle. I was much congratulated and some sly fun was poked at me. Old Senator H—— was present and Senator P——, too, and the talk that flew back and forth was most lively. Senator P—— asked:

"Well, your heart's desire is attained now, and how do you feel?"

I drew a long breath of satisfaction and said:

"Oh! but I *was* anxious."

The Senator laughed and said: "You remind me of that poor girl who was on her way from Omaha to Chicago and kept saying aloud, 'Oh! I am *so* thirsty!' and at last a young man went into an adjoining car and got a glass of water for her, thinking to quench her thirst and perhaps her tongue, too. The young woman thanked him, and scarcely had he taken his seat when he heard her murmur, 'Oh! I *was* so thirsty!' And she kept it up all the way to Chicago."

The whole table laughed at this sally at my expense; then Senator H—— said with a grave expression but with a twinkle in his benevolent eyes:

"You know, Mrs. Slocum, that your husband will have to take a seat in the Chamber in what is known as 'Cherokee Strip,' and he'll be in company with such terrible fellows as Foraker, Kean and Depew."

"Cherokee Strip," said I with a note of alarm in my voice; "why, where on earth is the Cherokee Strip?"

There was another laugh at my expense and everybody seemed bent on mystifying me. Senator P—— said, coming to my rescue:

"Why, Cherokee Strip is over on the Democratic side of the Chamber and is occupied by the overflow of Republicans. The Republican side is not large enough to seat all the Republicans, for they are in majority, so some of them sit over on the other side."

"But why should it be called the Cherokee Strip?" persisted I.

Senator H—— explained it. "Oh, there was a strip of land once in dispute between Texas and Indian Territory and both claimed it, and so it gave rise to an interesting question of both geography and jurisdiction, and consequently this name was given as a derisive appellation for that part of the Senate that occupies nondescript territory."

"But will Mr. Slocum have to sit there six whole years?" I was beginning to feel plaintive over it in advance.

"Oh, no," returned Senator H——. "As soon as somebody dies, or a State goes back on a man, Slocum can file a claim to the seat thus likely to become vacant. Why, Burrows, of Michigan, filed a claim two years ago to Pettigrew's seat, for he predicted Pettigrew's defeat even then; so on the fourth of March Burrows will sit in Pettigrew's seat and Perkins will take Burrows' seat. Hanna has already taken Davis' seat, just made vacant by his death. So it goes."

"It's a good deal like the children's old-fashioned game of stage-coach," said I, much interested. "Who will take the seat Mr. Hanna leaves, over by the door?"

"Oh, Quay will get that."

At the mention of this name every tongue was set loose. The struggle and triumph of this man made a lively theme.

Senator H—— said to me: "You must see the swearing in of Quay, Mrs. Slocum. It will be worth while. Quay has had an odd career, but he has one rare trait not often found among politicians. He does not forget the early friends who helped him in his young manhood. There is a certain old schoolmaster who taught Quay when he was a lad; he lives in the South and is now both infirm and poor, and every month, as it comes around, a good-sized check goes down to him from Matt. Quay. It is the sole support of that old man."

"Yes," said Senator P——, "and Quay could always get more legislative work for his State out of the Senate than any other man in it. Just let steel or iron come up in discussion, and Quay would pull out his volumes on steel or iron and set his talk-box going, and sometimes we'd let him have what he wanted just to shut him off."

"Well, that must have been the way over in the House the other day," said a member of that body, "that Gardner, of New Jersey, got his appropriation for Raccoon Creek in the River and Harbor bill. Not one of us had ever heard of Raccoon Creek, and when the bill had passed the House we learned that Raccoon Creek was possessed of the magnificent width of sixty feet and of the dangerous depth of two feet, but the skill with which Gardner talked of the 'commerce' of this creek was very persuading, and so it slipped past the committee."

"That makes me think of a Pennsylvania Congressman, of some years ago, who undertook to get an appropriation through for a creek called 'Kiskiminitas.' He argued, daringly, for his creek, the double advantage of its being a navigable waterway in winter and a public highway in summer. The House had no end of fun over it, and he was never called anything thereafter but 'Kiskiminitas,'" said Senator A——.

There was a ripple of laughter and some one said, "But the bill went through!"

And then suddenly we found ourselves talking of the adventures of the Vice-President-elect and the story of his being treed by wolves. Our hostess remarked:

"Well, the Honorable Teddy will certainly meet his final end with his boots on."

"I know of one occasion," said Senator H——, "when Roosevelt bagged some game that he was not hunting for. He was out on such a trip as this one, and instead of mountain lions he caught a notorious horse thief and murderer upon whose head the State had fixed a price. Roosevelt had with him an old trapper, and both men had known when they started out that such a man was at large.

"When they had been out for several days they came, unexpectedly, upon a traveler, down in one of the cañons, who seemed very debonair and nonchalant. He was mounted upon a fine animal, the points of which Roosevelt took in immediately and commented upon. He also took in the stealthy way in which the owner of the animal kept his eyes about him, looking apparently for some opening in the vast walls of the cañon. But the two men kept him in conversation and they rode for some hours together. Some intuitive feeling came over Roosevelt that this was the man the authorities were looking for.

"When the little party finally got out into the open, broken country, the traveler made a move to part company.

"'Well, I guess not, stranger,' exclaimed Roosevelt, and quick as a flash he and the trapper had him covered with their pistols. Then for sixty hours, with brief intervals for rest and food, this little party of three rode, and finally reached the nearest miners' camp or settlement. One horse was of course being led, and the poor wretch mounted upon it was never, in all those hours, from under the muzzle of one or the other of those pistols.

"Roosevelt said that it was every bit as exciting as any encounter he ever had had

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

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with a grizzly, and it was a far more responsible matter to bring in this man than it would have been to bring a grizzly, for the grizzly would have been dead. He had made no mistake either, for when they reached the camp their prisoner was found to be the man the State wanted."

"And the price fixed—what of that?" asked I.

"Oh, of course Roosevelt did not want it, and a miner said: 'Hanged if he ain't a queer chap to ride sixty hours an' not want the plug at the end!'"

This dinner was an unusually jolly one and it came to an end all too soon. The next day, acting upon Senator H——'s advice, I went up to the Senate to see Mr. Quay sworn in, and I was struck with the fact that the most unpretending and the coolest object in the whole ceremony was the reelected man himself. There was scarcely a flicker on his face from first to last. A faint smile came to his lips when the Senator who had led the fight against him last winter shook hands with him.

For some reason the President pro tem. of the Senate that morning seemed to be suffering from some slight twist of the tongue, for when he administered the oath and came to that part of it that reads:

"You take this obligation freely, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion?" he said solemnly:

"You take this obligation freely, without mental reservation or purpose of *invasion*."

I wondered if Mr. Frye had thought it possible for a whole host of Matthew Stanley Quays to rise up, instead of one, and invade the Constitution.

Then Mr. Money began his speech against the Army bill. From the manner in which the gentleman from Mississippi took hold of the Army bill and hammered at it, and from the energetic jerks of the head from Mr. Tillman as he followed the speech, it was evident to me that the opposition to this bill, although hopeless, was to be on the same plan as that of Wellington at Waterloo:

"Hard pounding, gentlemen; but we shall see who can pound the longer."

Meanwhile I glanced around over the Senate Chamber. The new Senator from Pennsylvania had utterly disappeared, likewise his mammoth pyramids of flowers. All the members of the House, who had but a minute before swarmed around the outside row of desks, had gone. The excitement was over. The Senate was in routine again.

I looked down upon the man whom Robert was going to succeed, and I wondered how it happened that he who had served his State and his party so well, who had had a fine, steady record, should be stepping aside, forced to give way to a young, untried man. What had done it? It must be that other influences than state politics and state policies took part in these matters. I determined to ask Senator P—— just what he had had to do with Robert's election.

Just then Senator P—— came across the yellow carpet with his hands in his pockets and the skirts of his rather old-fashioned coat standing out on either side. He glanced up at the gallery, then sauntered out of the Chamber. I saw Senator M—— look after him with a smile, then he, too, glanced up at the gallery. In a few minutes Senator P—— was leaning over the empty seat beside me.

I was instantly reminded of "Cherokee Strip," of which I had heard for the first time the night before, and I asked about it at once. Senator P—— pointed out to me where it began, with Senator Kean's seat, and the small area in the first and second rows that it embraced, taking in Senators Depew, Foraker and Beveridge.

"It would seem," said I, "that in the first order of things it was never a part of the calculation that there should be a Democratic majority, for there are only forty-one seats on the Democratic side to fifty on the Republican side."

The Senator smiled and said: "But there have been Democratic majorities here, and large ones, too." Suddenly he added:

"I cannot help wondering what Towne gets out of his brief career here. There he goes now, to parley with Teller. The other day Frye called him to the chair to preside in his absence. Allen was talking as usual, and Mason, finding a chance, sent a note up to Towne which read: 'Your sins are many. The punishment fits the crime.'

"Towne, remembering his experience in being the Populist nominee for the Vice-Presidency, scribbled back: 'I don't know about the crime or its punishment, but I do know that I am breaking the record. One term in the House, one month in the Senate, and one hour in the Vice-Presidential chair.'"

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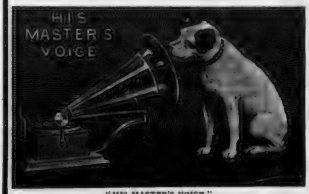

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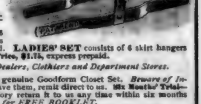

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A Border Lad

(*Continued from Page 9*)

Not, at least, if the combat were fair. But it was anything but fair! It was most unfair, most unsportsmanlike. So Archie and Effie agreed, as, the election day drawing near, every blank wall in the county blossomed out with caricatures—very clever ones in the bargain—of Sir Hugh, whose whole life, to tell the truth, lent itself kindly to the process. There was one in particular over which Archie shook his fist impotently. A stirring, antithetic sketch, showing Sir Hugh killing his neighbor's grouse and Sir Hugh condemning a poacher. It caught on, however, greatly to the young folks' indignation, and, mounted as a banner, took part in meetings and processions, until one day, party feeling being at its highest, a young ruffian belonging to one of the weaving townships used it to startle Effie's pony with, as she and her cousin were returning from a canvassing round.

He fled incontinently from Archie's hot pursuit, and was finally run to earth in an outlying cottage where, after a stand-up fight, the victor threatened him and his with vague, untold evils if they ventured to take any further part in the next day's contest. In fact, with his young heart beating nineteen to the dozen, Archie gave himself away in threats all the more gladly, because he believed them to be idle.

Unfortunately for Sir Hugh, however, the outlying cottage in question happened to be, as it were, "over the border;" so that the "bloated mechanic," badly beaten, and casting about for revenge, seized on this incident as a case of intimidation on the part of the landlord's agent and brought a petition against Sir Hugh's return. In the course of the inquiry other facts came out, and Sir Hugh was unseated.

"By Heavens, sir!" roared his uncle when he first heard of the matter. "How the deuce they ever came to give you a prize for making maps I can't conceive. You've no bump of locality, sir! None! Do you never know whose ground you're standing on, you young fool?"

Archie accepted the epithet with a quiet dignity which made his uncle say "Pish" to the reply:

"I know I'm standing on it, at any rate, sir."

With his cousin, however, the delinquent was more argumentative. After all, what had he done? Licked a big brute, who richly deserved a hiding, and threatened him with direful results if he exercised a franchise to which, as an ignorant ruffian, he had no right! That was really all. It was not his fault if the world was parceled out by idiots.

Effie interrupted him with fine scorn.

"Call father an idiot if you like, sir; it is no worse than being wicked and ungrateful," she began; then seeing the pained surprise on Archie's face, she broke off and stamped her foot at him passionately. "Oh, you're too wicked! I don't believe you feel a bit bad about it! You don't feel a bit horrid—do you?"

They were in the drawing-room this time, she, despite her short eighteen years, waiting in white satin and her mother's diamonds for her guests to come down to dinner, but her face challenged him just as it had five years before in the gun-room. And as then, his eyes met hers with sober good sense and he spoke consolingly: "I'm awfully sorry, of course; but the brute had to be licked, hadn't he?"

Whereupon her foot came down on the polished floor with a thud, and she flamed off, declaring she would never trouble her head about him again. She kept her word during the few days the offender was allowed to remain at Maxwelford, and then wished him *bon voyage* to India as calmly as she would have wished it to Euston.

Archie felt a little hurt at this, but not much. To begin with, he was not in the habit of feeling bad about anything; and in this case a whole new world lay before his keen eyes. Nevertheless, a soreness came back to him somehow during the long months of his first hot weather in the dustiest of Indian cantonments; partly because he began to think regretfully of the heather-covered braes about Maxwelford, and to wonder dismally if there could be anything but sheer void and emptiness beyond the hard horizon-line of level plain which prisoned him as centre of its dull circle. But then the cold weather set in, and he forgot again until the *punkahs* began once more and the dreary, monotonous dust-haze seemed to settle down on body and soul. He had laid in a store of fever, too, while out quail-shooting, and though he was cheerful over it, as over everything else, he took to hauling out a survey map, counting the contours of the hills, and wondering if he would ever have to breast one again in order to see what lay on the other side. It was a very seductive map to him, that map of Northern India with its rampart of huge hills; hills with patches of eternal snows among them where foot had never trodden, and blank white paper spaces beyond them where the sparse names stood with queries after them. It took possession of the boy's brain, so that when the fever hit him hard, as it did after a time, he chattered of maps day and night. Finally they put him into a *dhoolie*, but half-conscious of the fact that he was going on leave. So that when, after many hours of drowsy motion, he began wondering why it was so jolly and cool, and opened his eyes to see, he thought for a moment that he had wandered bodily out into the map of his dreams; for there, half-way up the sky, were the most wonderful hills he had ever seen!

He lay and looked at them as the *dhoolie* jogged along; and they awakened Heaven knows what inherited instincts in his feverish brain. When he got better he told himself he would see what lay at the other side; he would cross the border and see new things. And he did. The club tempted him, his friends told him he was a fool, but he came back, after two months, to the regiment, brown as a native; older looking, too, and curiously silent.

He had no chance of leave next year, so he played polo and racquets instead, and spent the long, hot hours when neither was possible in poring over the map.

They began to chaff him about it in the regiment, and to call him "Moses." Those keen eyes of his, indeed, began to have that look of a promised land in them which Botticelli gave to his great dreamers. But the Major, who was a Dalesman, hinted at cattle-driving and bid him remember his ancestors, who must have been hanged at Carlisle for crossing the Border too often.

Nothing worse, however, happened to Archie beyond being put under arrest once when he overstayed his leave by twelve hours; and then, while the Colonel was wigging him, he so nearly fell asleep from sheer fatigue, owing to his having walked all day and night for a week in order to come up to time at all, that the reprimand tailed off into an injunction to be more punctual in future.

He was; partly no doubt because he was getting older and more sedate. He was a strong-looking, square-set young fellow of five-and-twenty by this time, whose silence had grown continually with his years. Still, he could talk well when it was required; and on one occasion when detailed for some survey work in making a military road, he had attracted notice from the authorities by his extreme accuracy. But he had no friends at court, he never went to Simla, and so he remained as those do who avoid the highroads of life. Only the Major kept his eye on him, and said that if ever he wanted a quartermaster on a hill campaign, he would ask Maxwell to undertake the job.

"That's a spoke in your wheel, old chap," said Archie's greatest chum in the regiment as he read out a general order that, in consequence of some rash traveler having got himself, and therefore the authorities, into trouble over the Beloochistan border, where the tribes were rather unsettled, no officer was on any pretense whatever to be allowed to cross it. "Now perhaps you'll come to Simla like a Christian, and leave a card on the C-in-C, and play badminton with the secretaries' wives as your duty is. It's a blessing in disguise, Moses, and you'll get into the Intelligence Department, sure as fate, if you'll only condescend to talk about what you've done."

But Archie, it seemed, had already heard of the veto and had arranged to spend his leave at Darjeeling—with a cousin.

"Didn't know you had any relation in India," grumbled his chum. "And Darjeeling's a deuce of a way off. You won't know a soul there, and you will find it loathsome dull."

To judge by the letters which arrived from him with laudable regularity during the next three months, however, he did not. And yet, as his various correspondents remarked, he didn't seem to be doing much. In fact, one of them, whose soul was set on races, balls, theatricals and such like, swore that

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he would as soon read a letter from his maiden aunt at Clapham. Moses must be off his chump to say nothing of the tennis tournament—or anything——

He said nothing, either, when he returned, browner than ever and with a satisfied look in his eyes. He always came back with that, and set to his work cheerfully.

Not long after he returned there was talk in high places of a punitive expedition to the tribes that had given trouble before, and the Colonel—who loved to show a good example to his officers—ordered out the Intelligence Department's map to the anteroom table, where after dinner every one stood around and dutifully discussed the probable lines of advance before tailing off to cards and billiards.

"The road over the farther pass being fit for guns throughout, I should certainly——" began the Adjutant, who always fell in with the Colonel's humor.

"No, it isn't," interrupted Archie, who as usual was nose-down, absolutely intent. "That's a mistake——"

The Adjutant looked at him resentfully. "If it's a mistake it's not mine, at any rate. It's in the confidential. May I ask how you come to know better?"

Archie looked up quickly and laughed. "Oh! is it? I dare say it's all right. I only thought it wasn't, you know."

The Major, who was standing by, smiled to himself and went off to whist. An hour afterward, coming through the anteroom again, he found it deserted save for the map and Archie, who was still poring over it. He walked over and stood behind the stooping figure.

"How far is that road good?" he asked negligently. "Up to the last pull, or farther?"

"Good?" echoed Archie, following a curved line with his finger dreamily yet deliberately. "It isn't, so to speak, good anywhere, and it doesn't go a bit as it's marked, either. There's a patch of willow scrub by that bend and then you turn to the left over the hill. There are two tracks; the upper one's the better. Then you come on a square tower just like Hobbie's at Maxwelford, and the track branches again. They're both hopeless. You must go straight down the brae till you come to a stump standing stiff just like the Colonel does when he plays cricket——"

"You young scoundrel!" broke in the Major. "You've been there."

He had. And the letters from Darjeeling had all been written beforehand, and posted at intervals by his bearer.

"It's all very well, Maxwell," said the Major with a shake of his head, when, under promise of the strictest secrecy, Archie showed him next morning maps of quite a wide stretch of hitherto unsurveyed country. "This is most valuable work, but it was done strictly against orders—you can't bring it forward."

"I don't want to," remarked Archie sturdily. "Only I hate those fellows telling whackers."

The Major, however, took no notice of his words. "I can't do anything just now," he went on thoughtfully. "Of course, if we go on this expedition it will be plain sailing. You'd come to the front then, and sharp enough. But if we don't I must work leave and a permit for you next year, and then you could easily bring this up as new work."

But the Fates denied both solutions of the Major's difficulty. The punitive force was never sent, the regiment had to move into cholera camp in May, and it remained there till the leave-season was over.

Next year again there was rumor of war in the air. Archie, however, was given a brief month's leave late in the season; for his old enemy, fever, had clutched him once more. He came over to the Major's to say good-by, with a look in his eyes which made the latter remark hastily:

"No larks this time, remember. It isn't likely, of course, seeing how the frontier is settling down, but if you happened to be recalled for service and didn't turn up on time, there would be the deuce to pay."

Archie was perfectly aware of the fact. He was full of the very best intentions; he would have sworn at that moment that nothing would induce him to cross the borders; nevertheless, but ten days afterward, a service telegram recalling him, sent to the address he had left with the Adjutant, was returned with the remark, "Not known here." He did not even put in an appearance when his mouth was up, for the simple reason that he was still chattering feverishly in an obscure valley across the border.

When the inquiry was held that fact condemned him. Those few miles westward made the offense unforgivable, and he was dismissed from the army.

He could hardly believe it, and yet the sentence brought home to him a sense of shame and degradation such as he had never in all his life felt before. The very futility, the very causelessness of the failure, only aroused a more resentful remorse in Archie Maxwell, who, like many a man in similar circumstances, turned away instinctively from his own past. He had few ties to break. There was no one to consult, no one to consider, no one to care.

Nevertheless, his uncle fumed over the paragraph barely announcing the verdict of the court martial, which was all that found its way into the English papers. He had not thought the boy so bad as that, he said; and Effie, now in her prime and ruling her little world right royally, had frowned; for the very idea of a Maxwell failing to obey the "assembly," failing to fight, was distasteful.

Effie was heiress of Maxwelford, her father was getting very old, she herself was past five-and-twenty, and it was time perhaps, she told herself, for her to be kinder to some one of the many aspirants to herself and her fortune. So she set consciously, conscientiously, to work on selection. But being particular, as she had every right to be, she got no further. Then her father died, and with a shrinking from the loneliness of life she told herself that if a woman did not marry before thirty she had better not marry at all; in which case Maxwelford would go to a cousin who was even less to her than Archie; Archie who, if he had only kept straight, would have had a fine chance of distinguishing himself during the last year or two in the frontier wars where so many men had found a reputation—like Colonel Maynard, for instance, who had made the historic march to the relief of a beleaguered garrison, across almost impassable and altogether unknown hills; a march which experts said had saved our army from absolute disaster. She had met Colonel Maynard several times and found him pleasant, manly, inclined to admire. She might, she told herself, at least see more of him. So she did, deliberately, and found him even more than she expected. Those about them began, after the way of onlookers, to leave them *tête-à-tête* and say pleasant things of one in the other's hearing. She was charming, had five thousand a year, and a man might well consent to merge his own name in that of Maxwell of Maxwelford. He was a gentleman *pur et simple*, a V. C., one who had a future before him. She began in an undefined way to be proud of him, and for him, and so naturally plied him with questions in Desdemona fashion. He was modest to a fault, belittling himself till she lost patience.

"Apparently," she said one day as they sat out a dance on a balcony open to the stars, "you never did anything; you—I mean absolutely you—by yourself. Even the march which every one says was the finest thing——".

He interrupted her with sudden gravity. "That least of all," he said; "I'm glad you mentioned it, for—well! I should like you to know the truth—it would be on my conscience somehow if you didn't. There was a young fellow in my last regiment—I exchanged, you know, just before the flare-up began. His name was Maxwell, too—no relation I suppose—I hope not, anyhow;" he paused, but, as she remained silent, went on. "He had a craze for wandering about the hills over the border—used to go without leave, and all that sort of thing. I warned him it was dangerous and—well! in the end the regiment was ordered out on service when he was away on leave. The address he gave didn't find him—and—you know what that means, Miss Maxwell! It was an awful pity. He'd have been worth his weight in gold to the service if the authorities had only found him out. And, as it was, I owe all my success to him. He happened to tell me the maps were wrong. In fact, if I'd gone by them I must have been caught in a trap and cut to pieces; then the garrison must have gone, too. It was a queer chance, wasn't it, Miss Maxwell? And when people crack me up, and make a fuss over me, I often wish poor Archie were within reach instead of drifting away, Heaven knows where, as he did."

"Why," asked Effie quietly—her face was partly hidden by her fan—"why should he have drifted away?"

"Why?" echoed the Colonel. "Because he felt so bad about it, I suppose. Fellows can't help doing that even when——"

She gave a queer little laugh and arose from her seat. "Can't they? It ought not to matter when they know—— I wish you

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would find my carriage for me, Colonel Maynard. It's getting late and I'm tired to death of balls——"

She looked it; and the Colonel, as he closed the brougham door, said something about calling to inquire next day.

"If you like," she replied with a smile, as she held out her hand. "But one never knows what may happen, so I always prefer to say good-by when I can."

In this case the precaution was a wise one; for Colonel Maynard, when he called, only found a note awaiting him—a very kind note, suggesting vaguely that he might look in on Maxwelford in the autumn if he happened to be in Scotland; but none the less an unmistakable hint that nothing further was to be expected. Her sudden resolution to leave London greatly perplexed Effie Maxwell's friends, but none of them connected it with an advertisement which appeared for some weeks in the agony column of the Times. "If the boy who bit his cousin's thumb will apply to the following address he will receive an apology."

People laughed over it and remarked that it was a rather topsyturvy advertisement; but Miss Maxwell, of Maxwelford, looked for the notice every day in the paper, and got into the habit of walking over the moors to meet the post so that she might receive her letters sooner.

So the summer passed, and the autumn came, bringing its robe of royal purple to the hills. It was a late year, and the grouse—much to Cramond's disgust—were still cheeping on the twelfth. Not that it mattered so much, since Miss Maxwell had no visitors. It did not therefore matter so much, either, that she should insist on taking a young Drake with her on her rambles—a young Drake not always to be trusted with cheeping grouse—not, for instance, when his mistress, fearing to be late at the cross-roads where she would intercept the post, took a short cut across a promontory of alien moor which ran far into the Maxwelford property at the back of Hobbie's tower. It was the very spot where Archie had been discovered asleep in the heather, the very place which had delivered him into his enemy's hand with seven and a-half brace of old cocks in his game bag; and now here was young Drake—possibly within hearing of strange keepers—nose-down after a covey of cheepers, and giving short, sharp grunts of unholy satisfaction at his own sin.

"Drake! you beast! Drake, you bad—you wicked dog!" cried Effie. "Come in! How dare you. This isn't your ground—you've no business——" She broke off, for a figure arose almost at her feet.

"I beg your pardon," it began.

Miss Maxwell gave one startled look at it, then walked the two steps necessary to bring her within reach of it.

"No," she said quietly; "I have to do that, Archie." So without a word more, and before he could realize what she was doing, she lifted his right hand, turned it palm upward, then stooped and deliberately kissed a little white scar on the thumb.

"Kiss it and make it well," she continued with a tremble in her voice. "I ought to have done that twenty-five years ago, Archie. It might have made a difference."

"Effie!" he cried, forgetting major troubles in this minor one. "I thought you didn't know—that you didn't remember."

She interrupted him with fine scorn. "Not remember that I flew at you unprovoked, and bit you as hard as I could just to make you yell out and bring nurse in. One doesn't forget that sort of thing, sir, even if people tell stories about it and say they cut themselves. Why did you do that?"

Archie looked at her with the old clear look of absolute truth in his eyes. "I suppose I didn't want you to feel bad about it."

Miss Maxwell's face softened indescribably. "And I wanted—but never mind that now! Come home and have some luncheon."

The words recalled him. He drew himself up stiffly, and the action showed him older, thinner, careworn, yet in a way defiant.

"I cannot. I did not mean to trouble you; but I happened to be passing—I'm walking to Stranraer on my way to Queenstown; for I'm going off to the gold-fields next week—and I couldn't resist the hills."

"All the more reason why you should have luncheon," she replied cheerfully. "Come."

He shook his head. "You don't know," he began.

"I know more than you do," she interrupted. "I met Colonel Maynard and he told me all about the maps and the road. Of course you feel bad about it, and horrid; but some one had to find out the truth—hadn't they, dear?"

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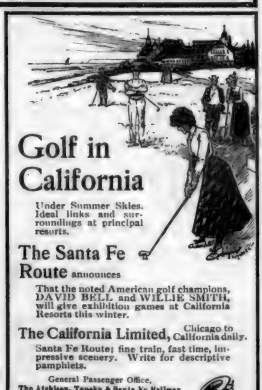
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San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 5)

Company has just completed its coast railway from Los Angeles to San Francisco, thus opening new tributary country.

The Santa Fe Railroad, having for the first time this year a terminus on San Francisco Bay, has been given, by the State, a lease for fifty years of China Basin, which will be reclaimed at an expense of several million dollars. This involves building about 2500 feet of sea-wall and reclaiming thirty acres just south of the business section. The improvements will revert at the expiration of the lease to the State.

The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company has recently given orders for three large steamers, of eleven thousand tons each, and two of them, the Alaskan and the Arizonian, are being constructed by our Union Iron Works. Four more of their steamers are of six thousand tons each, either constructed or on the ways. This company will dispatch vessels from New York to San Francisco, to Puget Sound, and thence to the Hawaiian Islands and back to New York.

The Panama Railroad Company has recently chartered several vessels to carry freight from this port to Panama and intermediate ports, and also to the Atlantic ports.

The Cosmos line of steamers, founded about a year ago, has a monthly service between this port and Europe, returning by way of Mexican and Central and South American ports on the west coast. The amount of freight offered was so large that the company was unable to handle it, and recently has doubled its service.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has added during the year the large freight-carrier Algoa, of 7000 tons capacity, to its fleet, and expects soon to have launched two magnificent steamers, the Corea and Siberia, of about 12,500 tons each, which will make this their home port. The Oceanic Steamship Company, whose steamers run to Hawaii, Samoa and Australia, has augmented its fleet by three new steamers.

The Cradle Has Become the Crown

The arrivals of net registered tonnage, according to the Merchants' Exchange records for 1899, were 1,438,764 tons domestic and 1,244,233 tons foreign. In 1900, the arrivals were 1,640,383 tons domestic and 1,385,586 tons foreign, showing an increase for 1900 of 201,619 tons of domestic and 141,353 tons of foreign tonnage.

The total value of our exports to foreign countries in 1900 exceeded those of 1899 by over $4,500,000. To this must be added Government supplies in transports, as well as all exports to the Hawaiian Islands for the last six months of 1900, as no record of these is filed in the Custom House.

During the year a Commercial Museum, patterned after the Philadelphia Commercial Museums, has been organized for the purpose of bringing our producers and manufacturers into touch with the commerce of the world.

These facts make San Francisco a world city, bidding for the business of the world. Situated on the track of the world's commerce, she believes that any development in or upon the shores of the Pacific must redound to her advantage.

In commemoration of the opening of the Pacific and in honor of Admiral Dewey's victory of Manila Bay, the citizens subscribed $35,000 for a commemorative shaft, which will soon be erected; and, by a coincidence, there will, at the same time, be set up a monument dedicated to the mechanics of San Francisco, in honor of Peter Donahue, the founder of the Union Iron Works, which under his successor, Mr. Irving M. Scott, has turned out not only the Oregon, but the Olympia, Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay.

An expanding commerce; a generous yield of cereals and fruits, and the opening of mines; the phenomenal discovery of petroleum oil, giving the city for the first time a cheap fuel, which has stimulated manufactures; public works, private improvements and a civic reformation—all these have given San Francisco an impetus which is felt in every branch of trade, and bid fair to confer lasting and merited prosperity.

The cradle of the pioneer has become the crown of California, and the words of one of her eloquent sons have been fulfilled in the dawn of the new century. Thirty years ago Mr. John W. Dwinell said, on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of our City Hall: "Oh, people of California, cherish San Francisco! She is not only one of thy jewels—she is the very crown of thy glory!"

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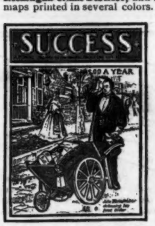

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE Department of Agriculture has been working recently upon what seems to be a very interesting discovery—namely, that all objects in Nature are covered with a very thin coating of liquid air. It appears, according to this idea, that the walls of our houses, the furniture of our rooms and the very ground over which we walk are spread with a film of air in this interesting and highly concentrated state.

The basis of this theory is the fact that any solid has the property of condensing upon its surface gases or the vapors of liquids, such as the water vapor of the atmosphere. If you touch the wall of a room your finger encounters not the wall itself, but a film of gas that covers it. It is not really one gas, however, but several, the molecules of which have adhered to the surface. In addition to water vapor, there are oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid. Taking them all together, they go to make up something which would probably, if one could analyze it, be indistinguishable from liquid air.

These gases, together with more or less water vapor, compose the air of the room. Their molecules are darting about in every direction, and, as they come in contact with the wall, some of them adhere to it. Countless numbers of them together form the thin film described. To get rid of the film of liquid air one may employ heat, and by raising the temperature of the wall the coating of gas may be thinned gradually until it is entirely driven off.

It may be urged in opposition to this theory that nobody has ever seen the film of liquid air. That is true, but the same thing might be said of atoms or molecules of any substance; nobody has ever beheld them, yet it is known that they exist. The discovery here referred to is said to have practical usefulness, and the fact that carbonic acid gas tends to form a coating over every exposed solid is actually being utilized in certain experiments which the Department of Agriculture is now making. It is found that a soil which has been deprived of its normal proportion of carbonic acid may be recuperated in this respect by simply turning it over and exposing it to the air, so that the needed molecules may settle upon it.

The Last of the Buffaloes

A recent estimate places the number of American bison remaining alive in the world at 1024, of which 684 are captive. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely-wooded region between the Saskatchewan and Peace Rivers, in British Columbia, are several hundred buffalo; there are twenty or so perhaps in the desert Panhandle region of Northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone National Park there are fifty or sixty more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else.

These few remaining wild bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone Park are potted by poachers whenever a chance offers. A mounted head of one of these animals is to-day worth from $150 to $200, and a skin brings a good price. Ten years ago there were nearly 400 buffalo in the Park, and it is thought that the survivors can be preserved only by corraling them and reducing them to captivity.

Mr. C. J. Jones, better known as Buffalo Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over one hundred full-bred buffalo, which he wishes to sell to the Government. Mr. Austin Corbin was the possessor of ninety bison, which have been more or less scattered since his death, some of them having been presented to New York City. The animals, when kept in captivity, show a tendency to increase in numbers, and Buffalo Jones has produced thousands of desirable cross-breeds from his herd.

It is stated that there are now 110 pure-bred American bison outside of this country. The Duke of Bedford owns twelve, and there are fourteen others in England. This valuable species must become entirely extinct sooner or later, but, judging from the success obtained in preserving the small remainder of the vanishing European bison in Lithuania, there is no reason why the disappearance of the last existing specimen of the American buffalo should not be deferred for centuries.

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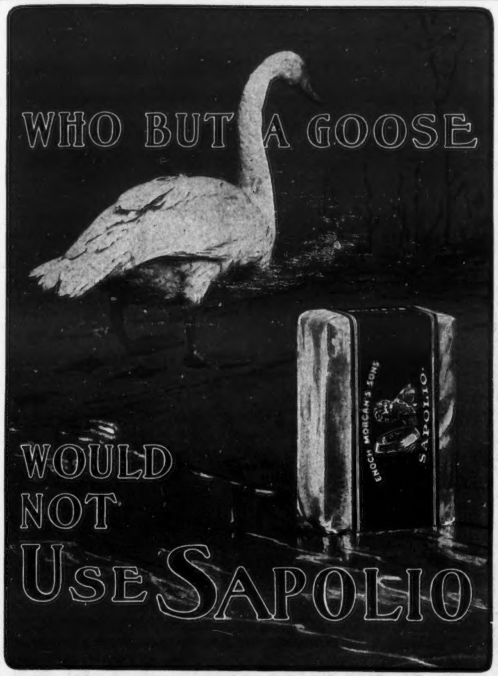

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